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MEMOIR
OF
MRS. ALLEN.

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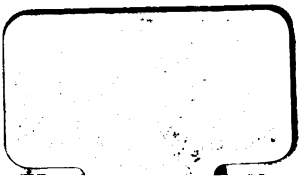


MEMOIR.

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY D. DILWORTH.

MEMOIR

OF

Maria

MRS. ALLEN,

OF

WOODHEAD-HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE,

BY HER SON.

W. S. Allen

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY D. DILWORTH.

1871.

210. k. 52.

IN AFFECTIONATE MEMORY

OF A FOND, A LOVING, AND A HOLY MOTHER,

FOR WHOSE CONSTANT CARE AND UNWEARIED ATTENTION,

FOR WHOSE WISE ADVICE AND JUDICIOUS COUNSEL,

FOR WHOSE TENDER LOVE AND DEVOTED AFFECTION,

FOR WHOSE EARNEST PRAYERS DAILY OFFERED UP TO GOD FOR ME,

AND FOR THE EXAMPLE OF WHOSE HOLY LIFE AND GLORIOUS DEATH,

I FEEL A WEIGHT OF GRATITUDE,

GREATER THAN TONGUE CAN TELL OR WORDS EXPRESS,

I HAVE WRITTEN THIS BOOK,

EARNESTLY HOPING THAT THE STORY OF HER LIFE,

MAY LEAD THOSE WHO READ IT,

TO WALK IN THE SAME NARROW WAY IN WHICH SHE WALKED,

TO TRUST IN THE SAME SAVIOUR IN WHOM SHE TRUSTED,

TO SERVE THE SAME GOD WHOM SHE SERVED,

SO THAT WHEN THEY PUT OFF THEIR MORTAL GARMENTS,

AND PASS THROUGH THE COLD RIVER OF DEATH,

THEY TOO, LIKE BUNYAN'S PILGRIM,

MAY SEE THE SHINING ONES WAITING TO MEET THEM,

AND AT THE GOLDEN GATES OF THE CELESTIAL CITY,

MAY RECEIVE AN ABUNDANT ENTRANCE.

THE PREFACE.

This book has been written under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. This must be my apology for presenting it is so rough and rugged a form to the reader. Rarely have I had the opportunity of devoting half-an-hour to it without interruption. I am painfully aware I have been unable to do justice to my subject, and that this Memoir is but an imperfect and unfinished sketch of a life so remarkable as to be well worthy of being more fully portrayed. The extracts from my mother's diary and letters show a richness and depth of Christian experience attained by few, and a heart wholly devoted to God, and willing to suffer, as well as to do His holy will. There is a pleasure in action. The active Christian, in doing His master's will, feels the joy activity always brings. But suffering is pain unmixed. To it no joy belongs. The sufferer may have comfort and support in his hour of need, but still, from suffering itself no pleasure springs. So much easier is it to do, than to suffer God's holy will. Both to do and to suffer was my mother's lot. From the

age of nineteen to forty-two, her life was the life of the active Christian, full of faith and good works, diligently doing the will of God, and letting her light shine before men. From the age of forty two to the time of her death, thirty-eight years afterwards, her life was the life of the suffering Christian, unable any longer actively to serve, but called patiently to bear unceasing pain and extreme feebleness. Thus, worn and wasted by long years of sickness and disease, she was refined and purified in the fiery furnace of severe but sanctified affliction, till she attained a degree of holiness rarely to be met with. The life of one so meek, so gentle, so patient, so holy, cannot fail to be full of instruction. My deep regret is, that the following meagre and imperfect narrative falls so far short of presenting my mother's character in its full beauty to the reader.

W. S. A.

Woodhead-Hall,

February 4th, 1871.

Since this Memoir was written and sent to the press, I have had to sustain another heavy bereavement in the death of my dear and honoured father, who died, trusting in Christ for eternal life, on the 1st of April, 1871. A man of remarkable energy, great force of character, and strict integrity, he maintained an unblemished character throughout the whole of his long life. Possessed of uncommon strength of mind, and much sterling good sense, he was also endowed with unusual firmness, decision, and courage. Just and honourable in all his actions, he had a righteous abhorrence of everything mean, false, and dishonest. Generous and open hearted, he detested anything like greed or avarice, and gave liberally with an ungrudging hand. Fearless uprightness was the leading feature in his character, and it made him respected by all who knew him. He was the architect of his own fortune. Commencing life without a shilling, by great diligence, untiring industry, and strict economy, he gradually got on till at length he became one of the first merchants in Manchester. Often has he said to me, that nothing gave him greater pleasure than the thought that he had not a penny but what was honestly got. Few sons owe more to a father's example, and labours, and

advice, than I do, and I cannot refrain from acknowledging the deep debt of gratitude I owe to one who has done so much for me. He was a true and valiant servant of the Lord Jesus, and boldly confessed his Master before the world. For more than sixty years, he lived the Christian's life, and when his last hour came, he died the Christian's death. During the last few months of his life, his sufferings were great, and though able to come downstairs till within three days of his death, it was evident his strength was fast failing. At times, too, he suffered much from extreme depression of spirits, the result of great feebleness and a severe nervous affection. The great enemy of souls was also permitted sorely to assault him, and to tempt him to doubt the mercy of God. He was greatly cast down on account of the sinfulness of his heart, and spent much of his time in prayer for peace and pardon. For some days, however, before his death, the gloom which had so long hung over his mind seemed gradually to be dispelled, and his prospect became brighter as he approached the end of his pilgrimage. The summons at the last was sudden, but it found him ready, "his lamp was trimmed, and his light was "burning," and when death came, so far from dreading his approach, he exulted in the thought that his time of suffering was almost over, and that he was going where there should be "no

"more sorrow, and no more pain." The night before his death, he said, "Why should I wish to "prolong my sufferings, I want to go to my "heavenly Father," and then with great emphasis he added, "there remaineth a rest." About eleven o'clock the following morning, he raised his hand above his head, and pointing upwards, in a triumphant tone of voice he exclaimed,

> **"There is my house and portion fair,**
> **"My treasure and my heart are there,**
> **"And my abiding home."**

About three in the afternoon he sat up in bed, clasped his hands together, and began to pray, but he was too weak to sit up long. He then lay down, fell asleep, and slept till half-past five, when, without a struggle, his spirit passed away, so peacefully and painlessly to its everlasting rest, that we were unable to tell the exact moment at which it departed. Never were the sublime words of the Psalmist more fully exemplified than in his death, "Behold the upright, for the end of that "man is peace."

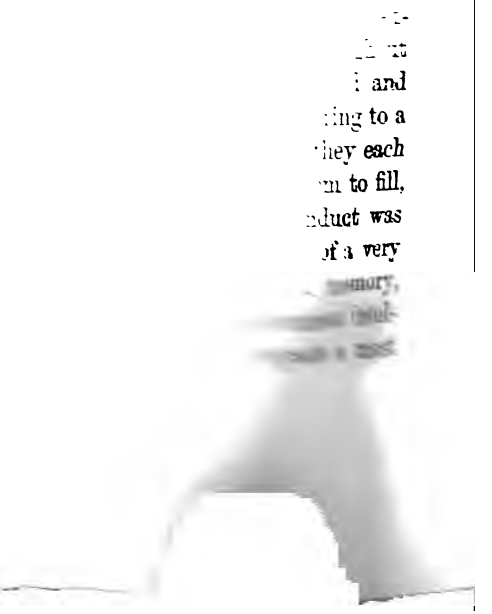
W. S. A.

April 6th, 1871.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE MRS. ALLEN.

There is something solemn in the record of a life. It is the story of one who has passed away, whose time of probation is ended, whose seed is sown, whose body is mouldering in the tomb, and whose spirit has flown to its kindred spirits, to wait, in joy or pain, the day of the last judgment. It speaks of the past. It tells of talents used or abused, of opportunities embraced or neglected, of time well or ill spent. It has a voice to those who remain, a voice of earnest warning, ever saying, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy "might; for there is no work, nor device, nor "knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither "thou goest."

My mother was born in the pleasant country town of Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire, on the 17th of May, 1790. Her parents were members of the Church of England, and most exemplary and regular in the performance of all the outward duties of religion. They were both possessed of strong sense and excellent judgment, and trained up their family to do their duty to God and man. My mother had thus the inestimable advantage of



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being brought up in an orderly and well regulated family circle, and of possessing parents who were not only devotedly attached to their children, but who also had wisdom and decision to train them up in the fear of the Lord. It is impossible to estimate too highly the influence of wise, judicious and pious parents. The inspired King felt it when he penned the words, "Train up a child in the way "he should go, and when he is old he will not depart "from it." Many pious parents lack wisdom, and many judicious parents lack piety, and hence it is little wonder so many young people turn out badly in life. The combination of piety, decision and sound judgment is rarely to be found in both parents, but where it is found, it as rarely fails of producing its legitimate fruit, in the praiseworthy conduct of their children. This was shown in a remarkable manner in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd. Their children, without a single exception, not only turned out well, but throughout their lives were patterns of all that is good and excellent. Differing in talents, and differing to a certain extent in other qualities as well, they each adorned the station providence called them to fill, and in every relation of life their conduct was exemplary. My mother's talents were of a very high order. Gifted with an excellent memory, great justness of thought, and uncommon intellectual vigour, she was in many respects a most

remarkable woman. At the same time, her timidity in early life was so great, and her disposition so modest and retiring, that few were really aware of the brilliant talents she possessed. At the age of fourteen she was sent to a large boarding school, at that time famous for the good education its pupils received, and there she speedily outstripped her companions, and won the admiration of all her teachers. One remarkable instance of the strength of her memory is well worth recording. In early life she was extremely fond of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and, incredible as it may seem, actually committed almost the whole of it to memory; and so thoroughly was this done, that in extreme old age she was still able to repeat large portions of it with perfect correctness. After receiving a thoroughly good education, she returned to her parents' home at Melton. At that time the inhabitants of Melton were highly favoured in having a pious and excellent Clergyman in the Church, the late Dr. Ford. This remarkable man became Vicar of Melton in 1773, and held the living till his resignation in 1820. At that time, earnest, evangelical, and devoted men were somewhat rare in the Church of England. Happily now a very different state of things is to be found. The preaching of this excellent man was *fervent*, *forcible*, and *instructive*, and though somewhat eccentric in his habits, his influence for good was

Free from all bigotry and exclusiveness, there was a breadth and catholicity about his religion, which led him to rejoice at the progress and prosperity of all who faithfully preached Christ. One or two instances of a liberality of sentiment at that time somewhat remarkable may be mentioned. A young Congregationalist Minister came to the town, and was seeking for subscriptions to build a new chapel there, and when Dr. Ford heard of it, he at once went and called upon him, and after some conversation, said "I understand, Sir, you are about to build a new chapel "here. I wish to be your first subscriber. Here "is a guinea for you, and do you throw the net "on one side of the ship, and I'll throw it on the "other, and by the blessing of God, I trust we shall "bring many to land." At another time, a man came running to his house, who had been a great persecutor of the Methodists, who at that time, though exposed to considerable opposition, were in the habit of coming occasionally to preach in the streets of Melton. On gaining admittance to the Doctor's study, the man, almost breathless with haste and excitement, told him that the Methodists were come to the town and were preaching on Mr. W's. doorstep, and he asked the Doctor to come and stop them. "Very well, John," said the Doctor, "go and order my horse and I'll "go with you, and will see what we can do." The

man eagerly did as the Doctor told him, and when the horse was brought to the door, Dr. Ford said, "now John, you must promise me you will do "exactly what I do." John, overjoyed at the thoughts that Dr. Ford was going to assist him in heading an attack on the poor Wesleyans, said "yes, "doctor, I'm sure I will. I'll do just what you do." The Doctor then mounted his horse, and accompanied by the exulting and excited John, rode to the scene of action, which was not many yards distant. As soon as they got there, the Doctor reverently uncovered his head, and silently listened to the sermon. The unfortunate John, thoroughly taken in, was obliged to do the same, and to stand bareheaded by the Doctor's side, to the amazement of the crowd. John never forgot the lesson he received that day, and it is almost needless to say, never again asked the Doctor to head an attack on the Methodists. These two anecdotes serve to show the character of the man, and there is no doubt his preaching and his well known liberality of sentiment had a most powerful influence on my mother's mind in her youthful days, and did much to give breadth and expansion, as well as earnestness, and depth to her religious views and sentiments: True Christianity is loving, comprehensive, world-embracing. Bigoted sectarianism is narrow, bitter, and exclusive. The former is the religion of Christ; the latter its burlesque and caricature.

My mother's creed was not a narrow or exclusive one. She was free from all bigotry, and though warmly attached to the Church of England, she was always ready to help in any way all who preached Christ faithfully; and she rejoiced at the growth and progress of every section of Christ's church. At her father's house, she was also accustomed to meet, not only pious clergymen, but also eminent ministers of other denominations, who were accustomed on visiting Melton to make Mr. Shepherd's house their home, and thus early in life she learnt the truth, that no church has a monopoly of excellence, but that each has its own special utility and value.

After my mother's return from school, when she was about nineteen years old, she had a very remarkable dream. She dreamt she was standing by the side of a deep and precipitous valley. She turned to look behind her, and there stood the skeleton death. To avoid his grasp she rushed down the side of the valley with the utmost haste; death following hard after her with amazing swiftness. The bottom of the valley was full of bones. She was about to set her foot in it, and death about to seize her, when an angel descended, took her by the hair of her head, and set her safely down at her father's door. About a month after this dream, she was seized with malignant typhus

fever, and her case was pronounced hopeless by two out of three medical men, who were called in to attend her. This illness proved the crisis of her life. When she lay on what was thought to be her deathbed, with the prospect of entering in a very few hours the World of Spirits, the realities of eternity appeared before her mind in all their tremendous importance. She was appalled at the prospect before her, for she felt she was without Christ, and without Christ she well knew there was no hope of salvation and Heaven.

She had been a dutiful daughter, an affectionate friend, diligent in performing the daily duties of life, regular in her attendance at church, but in the solemn hour when to all appearance her spirit was about to appear in the presence of God, she felt something more was wanting.

In speaking of this event, my mother writes in her diary as follows, "From my earliest recollection, "the chief desire of my mind was to be religious, "and for this I used to pray much, and was often "filled with vain satisfaction that I was so good. "Before I was nineteen, I had a severe illness, "during which one of the medical attendants "said as he sat by my bed, 'I have just seen poor "Cooke die, (a well known infidel, who resided in "the town). He trembled so exceedingly the bed "shook under him, poor fellow. He said I am dying

"but do'nt tell my family.' Immediately I thought
"wherein am I better than *he*. I am without Christ;
"and without Him I shall be lost for ever. I shall
"never see God, for no one can see God out of Christ;
"'I can truly say the pains of Hell gat hold upon
"me,' I was in great trouble and heaviness, resolved
"not to give sleep to my eyes or slumber to my
"eyelids, until my heart became His tabernacle,
"though I believe I had not one faint hope this
"would ever be the case, yet would I die seeking
"Him. This despair, this seeking continued through
"the night and following day, when towards evening
"the justice of God in my condemnation was so
"clearly revealed that I exclaimed, 'now I am sat-
"isfied to go to Hell, for there throughout eternity,
"I shall glorify God for His justice in sending me
"there, being out of Christ.' 'I worship Thee, O
"Thou Holy God of justice, I am going to Hell to
"worship Thy justice and to magnify Thy power.
"I am content to glorify Thee though it be for Thy
"justice in Hell.' After worshipping and praising
"God for some time in this way, the name of Jesus
"was revealed to my astonished soul. Jesus, Jesus,
"Jesus, I exclaimed, is come. Heaven and earth,
"pardon and holiness are in that name. Ye glorified
"saints, speak its import, I cannot. Jesus, Jesus,
"Jesus. Open ye Heavens to receive my soul. I
"cannot stay here."

In this delightful frame of mind, trusting in Christ for eternal life, feeling conscious of the pardon of her sins, firmly assured of her acceptance in Jesus, all fear of death gone, she now looked forward with holy and exulting triumph to the hour of her departure, which all judged was at hand. After the lapse of a few hours, however, the doctors to their great astonishment saw some slight signs of improvement. These continued, and contrary to all expectation, the fever left her, and she began slowly to gain strength and recover. So happy, however, had my mother felt in the prospect of death, after Jesus had spoken peace to her soul that she said "when I was told I should get "better, I felt just like a prisoner who had been set "at liberty, and had his chains knocked off, and "who then had been brought back to his cell, and "shut up again." After my mother's recovery, the change of heart she had undergone during her illness manifested itself in an increased desire to do good to all around her, and to serve God with all her strength. She constantly went about visiting the sick, and in this particular was a great assistance to her eldest sister, who for years, had devoted much of her time to that work. My mother also took part as a teacher in the Sunday School connected with the parish Church at Melton, and in this she felt the greatest delight, and met with remarkable success. The good she was

the means of doing as a Sunday School Teacher was great indeed, it will never be known in this world, but it will be seen by the light of eternity on the resurrection morning. Having a peculiar aptitude for imparting knowledge and religious truth in a pleasing and interesting manner, as well as a singularly kind and affectionate way of speaking to the children in her class, she soon succeeded in winning their love in an extraordinary degree. It was especially her delight to get some of the youngest children in the School around her, and tell them interesting anecdotes out of the Bible, and "frequently," to use her own words, "when I "have had a class of little children around me, we "have all been in tears together, when I've been "talking to them of Jesus, and His love in dying "for them." One or two instances of my mother's usefulness as a Sunday School Teacher are well worth recording. I give them in her own words. "Fanny J., a girl in my class, of whom I thought "little, married a groom, and soon after had a "dangerous illness. I had not seen her for ten "years, but being at Melton, Mr. Keale called to "tell me she was dying, and wished me to see her. "I went, but found her unable to speak. I talked "to her, and prayed with her, during which she "broke out in a transport of praise to God for the "gift of a Saviour, as she had been taught in the "Sunday School. In this triumphantly happy state

" she soon after died." " Elizabeth D., a girl in my
" class, possessed considerable abilities and a voilent
" temper. She often resisted the orders of her
" teacher, and one Sabbath day being very insolent
" it was judged necessary to expel her from School,
" unless she would on her knees confess her fault,
" and ask pardon of the lady whose authority she
" had so publicly defied. This her proud spirit
" refused to do. Half an hour was permitted to
" elapse, during which every endeavour was made
" to persuade her to humble herself, but in vain.
" At length the time arrived for her final expulsion.
" The School was silenced, and the lady superin-
" tendent was just proceeding to her painful duty,
" when I fell down on my knees by her side, con-
" fessed Elizabeth's fault, and earnestly asked par--
" don for her myself. This unexpected kindness sub-
" dued her obdurate spirit, and falling instantly
" upon her knees, with a torrent of tears, she humbly
" asked forgiveness and promised amendment. The
" scene was a most touching one, almost the whole
" School was melted to tears, and it is needless to
" say Elizabeth was at once forgiven. Some months
" after she again became stupidly perverse, and
" having committed an act not to be overlooked,
" she was dismissed the School. I said to her, as
" she left, 'Elizabeth, your wicked temper will bring
" you into great trouble, but remember it is never
" too late to pray.' She ran away from her friends,

her way to London. Nothing more was
her for some years, when one day a young
very respectable appearance called at
and asked to see me. When shown
room I did not recollect her, on account
her very improved appearance. At length she
"Don't you know me, Miss Shepherd, I am
Elizabeth D. the girl that gave you so much trouble
Sunday School. When I ran away, I went
London, and as people there like servants from
country, I soon got a place, but stayed only a
fortnight. I then got another place, indeed I had
twenty-two places in eleven months. I then re-
membered your parting words, 'Elizabeth, it is
never too late to pray.' I began to pray that the
Lord would direct me to a religious family. My
prayer was heard, and there I have lived ever
since, and when I asked my mistress if I might go
into the country to see my friends, I told her my
history. My mistress gave me leave to come and
desired me to call on the lady who had taught me
in the Sunday School, to tell her how comfortably
and respectably I was now living, and to thank
her for her great kindness in the Sunday School."
I may add that the impression made by my mother's words, on this girl's mind was never effaced, but she continued to live happily and respectably, and died at length at a good old age, rejoicing in her Saviour.

These are only two instances, out of many, which came to my mother's knowledge, in which the instruction and advice she had given to girls in her class, had been the means of leading them to Christ, and in some instances not only the children themselves became religious through her teaching, but were also the means of leading their careless and wicked parents to think seriously about their souls, and become changed characters, by telling them in an evening what they had been taught by my mother at School in the afternoon.

When about the age of twenty the firmness of my mother's religious principles was put to a severe test. While on a visit to Manchester, she met a gentleman, who, after several interviews, made her an offer of marriage. He was in a good position of life, and regarded as a wealthy man; and after due consideration my mother accepted his proposals. Some months after, however, she discovered he was a sceptic, and as soon as she found this out, at once resolved to break off the engagement, as she felt she could not conscientiously marry a man who did not fully believe in her Saviour. After some correspondence on the subject, in which he made every effort to induce her to change her decision, my mother wrote to him, "I will never "marry any one who does not believe in the atone-"ment of my blessed Saviour, and painful as it is to

"me to break off our engagement, I will never marry "you, as long as you hold your present views." This finally ended the matter, and to use her own words, "no sooner had I broken it off, than it was "as if a voice said to me, 'There is no man who "hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or "mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake "and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred-"fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and "sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with "persecutions, and in the world to come eternal "life.'" The truth of this was strikingly exemplified in her case. In the course of a few years, the once prosperous and wealthy man became a bankrupt, and very soon afterwards died, under circumstances of a distressing nature; so that had my mother been tempted to barter principle and Christ for earthly affection and worldly riches, she would have been left in all human probability a destitute and penniless widow. On the one hand, were riches, position, and a suiter, who gave every promise of being a loving and tender husband; on the other hand, was self-denial, self-sacrifice, her principles, her faith, her Redeemer, and His word, "Be ye "not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." She chose the latter, and obeyed the command, and though, at the time, it cost her a struggle, she was enabled to be firm and steadfast in her decision, and as future events proved, it turned out not

only for her spiritual good, but also greatly for her temporal advantage during the whole of her after life.

Another instance of my mother's strength of principle and implicit obedience to her parents, even after she was grown up, is well worth mentioning. Her father, although extremely kind and devotedly attached to his children, was opposed to their going to Balls or Theatres. These he considered undesirable places for his daughters to frequent, and while careful to provide for their recreation in all other ways which he thought right, he was firm in his disapproval of these two amusements. It happened when my mother was about twenty, that she went on a visit to a friend's house at Newark, whose husband was at that time Mayor of the town. Both the lady and her husband were well aware of Mr. Shepherd's views, and also knew how dutiful a daughter my mother was, and were consequently convinced it would be of no use to ask her to go with them to a ball, they were giving in a few days, to which the officers of a regiment, at that time stationed in the town, were invited. Accordingly they carefully avoided mentioning the subject to her, and contrived to keep her in total ignorance that such an affair was to take place, imagining if they got her there, without being aware of what she was going

to, that she would then join in the festivity of the evening. When the night on which the ball was to take place arrived, my mother's friend said to her, "Maria, my husband and I are just going to "the Town Hall, to hear a little music; the regi- "mental band is going to play; will you go with "us." My mother at once consented, dressed, and set off with her friends, under the full impression she was going to a Concert. They drove to the place, entered the room, and soon a large and fashionable company assembled. Of course being the Mayor's visitor, and a singularly lovely girl, as well, for in her youth for beauty and elegance she had few equals, my mother was the object of much attention. The colonel of the regiment came up, was introduced to her by the Mayor, and requested the honor of the first dance with her. Then for the first time she discovered her friends had deceived her, and had brought her to a ball. She politely refused the colonel, much to the annoyance of the lady she was with, who remonstrated with her, but my mother replied "You know Mrs. D. "my father objects to his daughters going to balls; "I should not have come here, if I had known I was "coming to a ball, and as you have brought me here, "without telling me what I was coming to, I shall "take no part in it, and shall not dance at all." When the first dance was over, the major of the regiment came, was introduced, and begged for the

honor of the second dance with my mother. He too, shared the same fate as the colonel, and was politely but firmly refused. After the second dance was over, another officer came up, and requested the honor of the next dance, but he also met with a refusal. This was too much for the patience of my mother's friend, the Mayoress. She said, "Well, Maria, I will stay here no longer to "be mortified by your refusing all our friends to "dance. I will show you the supper, but you shall "not taste it, for I shall take you home at once." This she did. They at once left the room, to my mother's great delight, and returned to the Mayor's house.

This little anecdote shows my mother's strength of principle when quite a young girl. She knew her father's views about balls. She knew he was unwilling for his daughters to go to them, and though entrapped into going to one by her friend, under the plea that she was going to a concert, when she found out what was really going on, she at once refused the most flattering offers to dance, from partners every other girl in the room would have been delighted to have got. She felt it her duty to obey her father, and act according to his wishes, and though placed in circumstances of the greatest temptation, she was firm and uncompromising. A short time after this, my mother's firmness of

principle was put to an almost equally severe test. While on a visit at Manchester, she was invited out to dinner, and found a large party assembled. After dinner the lady of the house said to her, "My dear, I wanted to make the "evening as pleasant as possible to you, so I've "taken tickets for the Theatre for all our party, "as I was so afraid you might feel dull." My mother told her, how much obliged she was to her for her kindness, but said that Mr. Shepherd disapproved of his daughters going to Theatres, and that, therefore, she felt compelled to decline her kind offer. The lady, who had not till then been aware of Mr. Shepherd's views about theatrical amusements, was quite astonished, and said, "But my dear, I arranged it entirely on your "account to give you a little pleasure, and I have "got tickets, and you know, 'when you come to "Rome you must do as people at Rome do.'" My mother again thanked her for her kind intentions, but told her she must decline going, in deference to her father's wishes, and then the lady seeing her mind was made up, and that it was useless to persuade her further, had generosity enough to say, "Well my dear, I admire your principle and your "obedience to your father's wishes. I shall not "tease you any more about it, but as the tickets "are taken, you must excuse the rest of our party "going and leaving you here alone." How many

young people, placed in similar circumstances, would have stood firm, and had the courage to do what was in accordance with the wishes of an absent parent, and in opposition to the kind entreaties and persuasions of friends? In youth, however, as well as in middle life, and extreme old age, firmness of principle was one of my mother's great characteristics. It never seemed to enter into her mind, whether a thing was pleasant or disagreeable, or whether a certain course of action would cause her pleasure or pain. The only question she put to herself was, "Is is right?" and if her conscience told her a thing was right, she fearlessly did it; and on the contrary, if she felt convinced that a thing was wrong, she had no hesitation in refusing to do it, however much it might have contributed to her pleasure and amusement. Her conscience told her it was right to regard the wishes of her father, and though tempted to disregard them in a way very few would have been able to resist, she had firmness and decision at once to act according to her sense of duty. There is something singularly noble and exalted in the life of a consistent Christian; one who has judgment to discern, and decision to do what is right, alike fearless and regardless of the consequences. The lives of many Christians, if faithfully written, would be mere painful records of stumblings by the way, fallings into temptations

abounds with instances in which God has answered the earnest prayers of His faithful servants. His power is still the same, His ear is still open to their cry. Why then should we wonder and look with doubt and suspicion at answers to prayer in the present day? One very remarkable one I may mention, as I have often heard it from my mother's lips. Melton, the town in which my mother resided, was in the centre of a favourite fox-hunting district. In consequence of this, many noblemen and gentlemen used to come and reside there during the winter months, for the sake of following their favourite amusement. Sixty years ago, the taste of men in the upper ranks of life was not quite so refined in the choice of their amusements as it is now, and cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and dog-fighting, were considered sports which it was no disgrace for a gentleman to countenance. One gentleman who belonged to the hunt, and who was residing at Melton during the season for that purpose, was the owner of a very handsome dog. This dog was a large, fine, noble looking animal, and my mother had often noticed him in the streets of the town, and had greatly admired his beauty and size. The owner of the dog, a well known character in the fashionable world at that day, made a match with another gentleman belonging to the hunt, that his dog should fight a celebrated dog belonging to the latter, named Billy. The day for the

battle was fixed, and great excitement was felt in the town about it, and heavy bets were made; each dog having warm backers and partizans. My mother shocked at the thoughts of such cruelty and wickedness, resolved to make the matter a subject of prayer. Day after day she spent hours on her knees in earnest supplication that God would prevent the battle, and hinder the dogs from fighting each other. The day of the fight drew near, and still she earnestly continued in prayer that it might not take place. The day before that on which it was to come off, Billy was brought from his master's home, where he had been trained, to Melton in a post chaise. The whole town turned out to see him driven in, an enormous brute of ferocious and forbidding aspect, and marked with the scars of many former victories. The next day came, great preparations were made for the fight, scores of people flocked into the town to witness it, and still my mother continued to offer up fervent prayers to Almighty God, that He who stopped the mouths of the lions that they should have no power to hurt his servant Daniel, would stop the mouths of those dogs, so that they should refuse to fight. At length the hour of the battle arrived, and it found my mother still on her knees in earnest prayer that God would hinder it. Still she prayed on in the silence of her chamber, and at length, to her unspeakable joy, her mother

knowing how she was employed, hurriedly knocked at her door, and called out "Maria, Maria, the dogs "wo'nt fight." At the appointed time the dogs had been taken, by their owners and backers, to the ground fixed for the fight, and had been let loose and set at each other; when, to the astonishment of all, they refused to fight. Their owners and backers did all they could to make them, every device was tried to irritate them, but in vain. They merely licked each other, showed no signs of anger, and obstinately refused to fight, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the abandoned wretches called gentlemen, who owned them. The battle never took place; Billy shortly after left the town. With his subsequent history I am unacquainted. My mother always considered this a clear answer to her prayers. I believe so too. Many may feel disposed to ridicule and scoff at the whole affair, and may laugh at the idea of God answering her prayers. Why should we regard it as impossible or even improbable, that He without whom a sparrow cannot fall to the ground; He who has said "Ask and it shall be "given," should answer the earnest prayers of His faithful servant? Look at the facts of the case. Here are two savage and ferocious dogs, accustomed to fight, and trained for that very purpose. They are brought together, they are set at each other, every device is used to irritate them, they are

urged on for a considerable time to fight, but all in vain. How is it? What unseen power prevents them? What unseen hand stops their mouths? Is it not the power of God? Is it not the hand of the Creator, put forth, in answer to prevailing prayer? The true reason why answers to prayers of a character equally striking are so rare in the experience of ordinary Christians is, not that God is unwilling to answer, but that their prayers lack earnestness, faith, and prevailing power.

My mother was, however, not only a praying Christian, but a working Christian as well. In the long hours she spent in her chamber in prayer, and the careful study of God's Holy Word, she learnt the lesson that true religion consisted not only in prayer, the study of the Scriptures, and attendance on the public worship of God; but also in works of charity and mercy, in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, in striving to do good to the souls and bodies of all around her. Mindful of the words of St. James, "Faith, if it hath not works is dead," she daily showed by her works of faith, and labours of love, that faith with her was a living principle, which gave constant evidence of its existence and vitality, in deeds of mercy and acts of charity. The teaching of Christ is intensely practical. Many Christians live in apparently convenient forgetfulness of

His commands. They go to church or chapel; they pray; they say, Lord, Lord; they feel a holy horror at the iniquity of mankind; they flatter themselves that they are of the "Elect," predestinated before the foundation of the world to eternal life; they feel thankful, like the Pharisee of old, that they are not as other men, unjust, extortioners, or even as the Publicans around them; but where are their fruits? Are they meek? Are they merciful? Are they just? Are they pure in heart? Do they love their enemies? Do they forgive men their trespasses Do they live in obedience to Christ's commands? "Let your light so shine before men, that they "may see your good works, and glorify your Father "which is in Heaven." In the great day of final account, when "after a long time, the Lord of those "servants cometh, and reckoneth with them." "The good and faithful servant" will "enter into "the joy of His Lord: the unprofitable servant," will be cast "into outer darkness." The words of Christ to His disciples are clear and plain. They come down to us from the past with solemn force, "The Son of man shall come in the glory of His "Father, with His angels, and then shall He re- "ward every man *according to his works*." "A "tree is known by its fruit. Men do not gather "grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles," but we are told every "good tree bringeth forth good fruit." So every good man will be fruitful in good works. If

he is not, like the barren fig tree, he is only standing fair but fruitless, waiting for the sentence, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground." When the last trumpet shall sound, and the Redeemer shall take his seat on the great White Throne, and the dead, small and great, shall stand before Him, "then will He give to every man according as his works shall be," and they "that have "done good" shall come forth from their graves, "unto the resurrection of life, and they have done "evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." Terrible indeed will be the doom of those in that day, who, bearing the name of Christians, professing to be servants of Christ, have neglected His commands, have left undone those works of mercy and charity which He has enjoined on His followers; have disregarded the noble lesson of His life, "Who went about doing good," and who standing on the left hand of the judgment seat, will hear His voice say, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one "of the least of these, ye did it not to me." Religion with my mother was not a mere empty name. It was a living principle within, which taught her to love God with all her heart, and soul and mind, and which also taught her to love her neighbour as herself; to show her love to God by obeying His commands, and to show her love to her neighbour, by constant acts of charity and mercy, by doing good to all as opportunity afforded, by visit-

ing the sick, relieving the poor, comforting the mourner, and by ever exhibiting a self-denying and self-sacrificing spirit, which led her to be ready at any time to give up her own will and pleasure for the good of others. In the town in which she lived, she was constantly a messenger of mercy to the poor, the sick and the afflicted. Her greatest pleasure consisted in relieving the wants and necessities, and assuaging the sorrows of others; and while not unmindful of home duties, and ever regarding them as the first and most important, all her spare time was occupied in doing good in the town in every possible way.

In her, the poor found a kind and judicious friend, ever ready to help them in the time of trouble, and many a sick and dying person, has heard from her lips the wondrous story of a Saviour's love; and has been cheered and gladdened with the news of a future, "Where there "should be no more sorrow, and no more pain."

In connection with my mother's visits to the sick, a very painful case occured, which caused her much grief of mind. I relate the facts, just as I have often heard them from her own lips. A young lady in the town, a friend of her's, a beautiful and accomplished girl, was taken ill of consumption. For many months she lingered on, during which time my mother constantly visited

her, and seized every opportunity of reading and praying with her, and of speaking to her about her soul, and directing her thoughts to Christ. The invalid was an amiable girl, and well disposed to listen to my mother's advice, but unfortunately her mother who was a gay, worldly woman, seized every opportunity of turning all that was said to her daughter into ridicule after each visit, and constantly told her she was in no danger, and thus buoyed her up with false hopes of ultimate recovery. Can there be any greater cruelty than to keep the sick in ignorance of their danger; or to deceive the dying with false hopes of life, and thus prevent them, in life's last hour, casting themselves, as perishing sinners, at the foot of the cross, and asking for mercy from Him, who has said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast "out?" It is the last refinement of inhumanity. Satanic deceit, a devil might envy. Deceived, however, by her mother's repeated assurances that she was in no danger, and sure to recover, the poor girl paid little heed to my mother's advice, and still remained careless about her soul, hoping she had many years of life still before her. Gradually, however, she got weaker, but still paid little attention to her friend's earnest warnings and prayers, as her mother continued to assure her she would soon be well again. This was a cause of much sorrow to my mother, who saw the poor girl's

life fast ebbing away, and knew how shamefully she was deluded by her cruel parent, and again, and again she faithfully warned her of the danger of trifling with the solemn concerns of her soul, but all to no purpose. At length the poor girl died. My mother was not with her at the time, though she had seen her only a few hours previously. Anxious, however, to hear some account of her friend's last moments, she enquired of the nurse who had attended the poor invalid, about the circumstances of her death, and the nurse's answer was, "Oh, Miss Maria, it was the most "dreadful sight I ever saw. When Miss——felt "she was dying, she tried to raise herself up in "bed, and looking at her mother with a countenance "wild with terror, she exclaimed, 'you've deceived "me, I'm dying, and I shall curse you throughout "eternity for not having told me of my danger.'" A solemn and fearful warning to friends, to avoid the terrible crime of deceiving the dying.

With respect to my mother's religious experience during the years she remained at her father's house at Melton, very few records remain, as her diary for that time is lost. One brief extract, however, I have found relating to her spiritual state when she was twenty-nine years old, in the year 1819. After describing a brief season, during which she had undergone severe temptations to unbelief,

she thus writes, " Sometime after this, the drawings
" I felt to prayer were constant, but not irresistible.
" One night I could not sleep, nor lay in bed.
" As I rose, I said, ' Lord, teach me what to pray
" for.' I knelt down, I could utter only this peti-
" tion, ' I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory,' when
" instantly I was so surrounded with the Holiness
" of God, that I said, ' Lord, I cannot live in this
" holiness, unless Thou make me meet.' ' Withdraw,
" I beseech Thee, this holiness or I shall die before
" Thee.' The Lord sustained me under the exceed-
" ing weight of this manifestation above an hour.
" This was a most glorious revelation. I now
" thirsted after holiness for near three days. On
" the third day, after much prayer for holiness, I
" said, now Lord I cannot live another moment
" without holiness. If Thou delay, I shall die this
" moment. My eyes were closed, but Jesus ap-
" peared to the eye of Faith. I saw Him in His
" resurrection, person, power, and glory. I saw
" Him roll the stone from the Sepulchre. I felt
" Him roll it from my heart. I could say, ' Christ
" is All in All,' and I am complete in Him, in
" whom all fulness dwells. At night I lay down
" in peace, believing Christ was mine. As soon as
" nature was refreshed I awoke and rose, filled
" with Jesus, Holiness seemed writ on all about
" me. Myself was holy from the righteousness
" which sustained me. Whatever I did was to the

"glory of God. As I was dressing, the Devil sug-
"gested, you enjoy a sweet foretaste of Heaven,
"but don't be discouraged when it is withdrawn,
"no one ever lived more than a few hours in the
"state of purity you feel, I had not time to think,
"before he was rebuked by the Spirit of God in
"these words, 'Not by might, nor by power, but
"by my Spirit saith the Lord.' My heart and
"tongue inspired by the same spirit, instantly
"replied, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it
"unto me according to the Word.' The Holy
"Ghost, at the same time, visibly descended into
"my soul. I now worshipped God in the beauty
"of holiness, in spirit I fell before the Throne with
"the Church triumphant, and realized the promise,
"'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name,
"He will give it you,' and felt not only a death
"unto all sin, but a new life unto righteousness,
"being filled with all the fruits of holiness, and
"the glory and the praise of God."

My mother remained with her parents at Melton, till the year 1821, when she was married to my father, after a courtship of the somewhat long time of four years. They had been well acquainted since they were each fourteen years of age. My mother had made the matter a subject of earnest prayer from the time my father first made proposals of marriage to her, and did not consent to

an engagement, till she felt persuaded it was the will of the Lord. The husband of her choice was a man of great decision, strong common sense, unflinching integrity, and abilities of no common order; in short, one whom a woman could look up to with affection and esteem. After their marriage they went to reside at Nelson-street, Manchester. My father being a Wesleyan Methodist, my mother began regularly to attend the Wesleyan Chapel with him, and in a very short time became a member of the Wesleyan Society, in what was then called the Grosvenor Street Circuit. A few weeks after their marriage my father had a very severe attack of typhus fever, and, under the blessing of God, mainly owed his recovery, to his wife's assiduous nursing and attention. Indeed, while health and strength permitted her, my mother was a model wife. Tenderly attached to her husband, she strove to make his home happy, and paid the most careful attention to his wants and comforts, and at all times was ready to practice any amount of self-denial in order to minister to his happiness. Careful and economical in the management tof her household, she looked well after her servants; but, being at the same time kind and judicious, she rarely failed to win their esteem and affection. Home duties she regarded as of the first importance. The comfort of her husband, and the welfare of her household, were

her first consideration. A pious, judicious, sensible wife, who shares and enters into her husbands joys and sorrows, who comforts him in trouble, who is able to advise him in difficulties, who soothes him when harassed and worn with the daily toil and business of life, is the greatest earthly blessing a man can have. Such was my mother: loving, tender, judicious, wise, and good, she was in every respect an unspeakable blessing to her husband.

About eighteen months after her marriage, she had a son, a lovely boy, who in consequence of an opiate secretly administered by his nurse, died three weeks after his birth. This was a great trial to her. She mourned the death of her first-born, with the sorrow natural to a fond and loving mother. Shortly after this, in consequence of the improper treatment of her medical man, she became reduced to a state of extreme weakness, and as a last resort, was ordered to try the effect of her native air. A visit of some weeks at Melton proved the means of restoring her to health, though she never thoroughly recovered her former strength and vigour. After being a member of the Wesleyan Society for two or three years, my mother was appointed a Leader, and a large class was consigned to her charge. This was an office her natural diffidence made her very reluctant to undertake, and for some months she steadily

declined to accept it. At length, however, after much hesitation she consented, and undertook the important duties devolving on a Class-Leader. These she discharged in a most efficient and admirable manner. Her deep piety, good judgment, great insight into character, and wise and discreet manner of administering exhortation, consolation, and reproof, made her an invaluable Leader. The members of her class found in her, one competent to advise in every difficulty; one bold enough faithfully to speak the truth, however painful it might be; and one whose judgment and discretion they might fully rely on, and whose piety, zeal, and devotion to God, they might well strive to imitate. There are few positions in Methodism more important than that of a Class-Leader. Deep piety, good judgment, discreet fidelity, coupled with ability to give advice, counsel, exhortation and reproof to those who meet with them, are essential. All these qualities my mother possessed, and the combination of them made her an unspeakable blessing to the members of her class. Class meetings are a means of grace many are now disposed to undervalue, while others speak of them with scarcely concealed contempt and dislike. They have been the great bond of union which has bound together and cemented Methodism as a system. The good they have done it is impossible to over-estimate. If ever the day should come

when Class Meetings are generally neglected by Methodists, it will be a sure sign of the decay of spiritual life among them, and a sure and certain presage of the speedy fall of the system. Methodism has grown with a steady, majestic growth for more than a hundred years. It has been the means of doing incalculable good in making known the Gospel to countless thousands in England, and in almost every quarter of the world, and it has set a bright example of earnestness and godly zeal to all other Protestant Churches, and has thus stirred them up to a righteous emulation. By its agency, under the blessing of God, an innumerable multitude of the careless, the ignorant, the degraded, the wicked, and the vilest of mankind have been told of the Saviour, have been led to Christ, and, trusting in Him for salvation, have lived in the faith and hope of the glorious Gospel, conducting themselves as true and faithful servants of the Lord Jesus, to their live's end, and then have finished their course with joy, "Having fought a good fight, and kept "the faith." Yet men revile it. Some ridicule and deride it, as fanatical, disorderly, and as being a system which fosters enthusiasm and excitement; others speak against it for not taking a more decided part in political matters, and for not vainly striving to unite the rancour of political agitation with the fervour of religious zeal. The former scoff at the experimental religion its

ministers preach, and its people believe; the latter upbraid it, for not adopting in its entirety their political creed. Methodism has ever been, and I trust ever will be, a religious, not a political system. Its work is something far grander and more noble than the work of political agitation. Its sole and glorious object is the salvation of souls, the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom.

During the thirteen years my mother resided in Nelson street, she became well acquainted with many of the most eminent of the Wesleyan Ministers, such as Dr. Bunting, Dr. Newton, the Rev. T. Lessey, the Rev. H. Watson, and Dr. Dixon. With the two latter especially she formed a strong and sincere friendship. They admired her deep piety, sound judgment, and remarkable talents, and she regarded them as singularly able, devoted and honoured servants of God. Often in later years, I have heard her speak with the greatest affection of these two celebrated men, and relate with much animation, conversations she had had with them, and passages from their sermons which had made an impression on her. The state of my mothers mind at this period is strikingly shown by the following extract from a letter written by her to her much valued friend Mrs. Pattison, with whom she became acquainted in the year 1818, and with whom she kept up a constant and un-

broken friendship to the time of her death, fifty-two years afterwards. December 13, 1824. "I "rejoice to tell you, the Lord has sweetly and "gently drawn near to my soul, not as the bright-"ness of the sun in an unclouded firmament, but "as the seal of the covenant, as the rainbow after "a storm, which not only testifies that the storm "has passed away, but like it also prophecies of a "rest that is to come. Oh! my dear Madam, "though I have been a loiterer in the way to the "kingdom, I now rejoice that the way is still "open, and that I feel I am yet in it. Oh! may "the Lord give me His abiding presence, that "I may walk more steadily in Him." In the year 1827 her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd, and their youngest daughter left Melton-Mowbray, and came to reside in Manchester, taking a house in Oxford road, near my mother's. This was a great comfort to her, as, though married, her attachment to her parents remained undiminished. The following is an extract from a letter written by her in the year 1830, to her nephew John T., to whom she was much attached, and who was staying during his holidays by the seaside at Southport. July 7, 1830. "In this season of relaxation "from study, you will have leisure to contemplate "the wisdom of God in those blessings of Creation "with which you are surrounded, and amongst "them,

"The strongest of creation's sons, great ocean,
"Unconquerable, unreposed, untired,
"That rolls the wild profound eternal bass,
"In Nature's Anthem, and
"Into whose deeps, none go
"And come again, to tell the wonders there,
"Tremendous sea."

"Look at it, John, and think vast thoughts of bound-
"lessness! Omnipotence! Infinitude! Eternity!
"Then pause and think again, Eternity—Eternity!
"This, my dear boy, is what I want you to live
"for,—Eternity, and that you may ensure its hap-
"piness, you must take the word of God for your
"rule, and the spirit of God for your strength.
"The former will invite you to go to Jesus as your
"Saviour; the latter will appropriate His merits
"to your soul. The one will tell you of every-
"thing that is offensive to God, the other will
"enable you 'to lay aside every weight, and the
"sin which does so easily beset you.' The word
"and the Spirit, if you follow their dictates, will
"guide you into that new and living way, wherein
"you may stand in safety and with Holy exultation
"when the sea shall give up her dead, and when
"the living shall be changed."

In the year 1831, my mother gave birth to another son, an event which caused her much joy and thankfulness. The tender affection she felt for her child was manifested in the assiduous and

unremitting attention she paid him, and remembering that the culpable conduct of his nurse had proved fatal to her first infant, she resolved to take the whole charge of this one herself. While permitted to do so by the state of her health, she adhered to this resolution, and nursed and watched him with unwearied care. A few weeks after his birth she dedicated him to God in Holy Baptism, and at the same time she and her husband made it a subject of earnest prayer, that He who had said "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid "them not," would bless the child, and help them to train him up as an heir of immortality. About this time my mother began again to keep a diary, chiefly relating to her spiritual state, from which the following extracts are taken. January 27, 1832, "I seem to enjoy something of the first "annunciation of the gospel, when the Heavenly "Host sang, 'Glory to God in the Highest, and "on Earth peace and good will to men.' At present "I ascribe the glory of all I have and enjoy to "God the most High, and feel my soul filled with "peace and good will to all men. I enjoy, to "night, a humble, holy, chastened familiarity with "that glorious Emmanuel, who is my light, and my "life, and my salvation."

Nov. 3, 1832. "What a life of mercy mine has "been. My path has been pointed out and guarded

"by a special providence since my earliest recol-
"lection, and I feel lost in wonder, until I consider
"that my Heavenly Father is the Creator, Pre-
"server, and giver of all things. This has been
"one of the sweetest days of my life. My God is
"my light and my glory. I am filled with love and
"greatly rejoice in the God of my Salvation!
"Redemption! Grace! Glory! It was the love of
"God that sent His Son to atone for my guilt."

About this time my mother's health, which had been failing rapidly for some months, became extremely feeble. The vigour of body she had enjoyed for some years entirely left her, and her weakness became extreme. In this state, it was natural that her thoughts should be more than ever directed to the solemn concerns of eternity. This is evidenced by the following beautiful entry in her diary. Nov. 18, 1832. "God is love, and
"I feel that all things work together for good to
"those who love God. I feel much unworthiness,
"but no condemnation, a solemn sacred awe of
"eternity, but no fear; a humble, holy, devout
"confidence that Jesus is my Saviour, and that
"vile as I am, I shall, through Him, be admitted
"into that exceeding great and eternal weight of
"glory, which in contemplation, dazzles the eye of
"Faith, but then I shall be enabled to gaze on the
"bright magnificence of eternal glory."

The clearness of my mother's views of salvation is shown by the following extract. Nov. 22, 1832. "Met with a person to day, who told me she was "endeavouring by prayer, reading, and every other "means to make herself better, and that after all "this she found she was no better, but rather "worse; so I told her she had nothing to do with "sin and self, her effort should be to get acquainted "with Jesus, and that when He visited her soul, "He would forgive sin and destroy self. Oh, how "precious is the gospel in my sight, poor and needy, "and yet to be supplied with the riches of Divine "grace."

My mother's weakness of body still continued, but her peace of mind remained undisturbed The Lord abundantly supported her in the hour of suffering.

She writes in her diary as follows:

Dec. 20, 1832. "Abundantly blessed with the "presence of my Lord; fed sweetly upon the bread "of life. In the afternoon had a severe attack of "spasms, but He was with me, who is my light "and life, and my salvation, and He kept me from "fear. I felt in possession of that treasure, in "comparison of which this world is but dust."

January 13, 1833. "God is love, and God is "my Father in Christ Jesus. I am sweetly blessed

" in spirit this morning, so that my heart dances
" for joy. What a mercy. What a miracle, that
" such a poor, helpless, unworthy, unfaithful
" creature should be thus favoured. Oh, Lord, mine
" eyes shall yet see Thee in Thy beauty, for I have
" a humble trust, that I shall awake up after Thy
" likeness."

January 23, 1833. " Heard of the death of my
" dear husband's father. What a miracle of mercy
" has his conversion been. When my William
" first spoke to him, after his arrival, about salva-
" tion, (my father had been sent for to him, when
" he was taken ill,) it roused the carnal mind in
" opposition. This was on the 15th, but divine
" power can do much in a little time. In three days
" after, he could say, 'Jesus is always with me,'
" and before the fifth day had closed, on my hus-
" band saying, 'Father, dying is hard work,' this
" new born child of God replied, 'I can do hard
" work now God is with me.' Boundless mercy
" unutterable love."

February 3. " Seven years since my dear sister
" Mrs. M. entered glory. Since, I have been per-
" mitted to enjoy communion with her happy spirit.
" My soul seemed enabled to participate her joy,
" that I might not be overwhelmed with sorrow.
" What a mighty God of love do I worship. I

" would rather say ; Oh that I could worship Thee, " Thou glorious power, for I am nothing, and " worthless and feeble."

May 16. " Very ill in body for some days past, " but greatly quickened in spirit ; have enjoyed a " sweet assurance of divine love ; have had several " remarkable answers to prayer. Lord, give me a " watchful spirit, that I lose not the great blessings " Thou hast given to me."

May 18. " The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, " cleanseth from all sin. On this truth rests all " my hope. I feel it cleanseth me from the sin of " unfaithfulness, from the vile sin of backsliding. " I cast soul and body on this blessed Scripture " and I am safe. When I knelt down this morn- " ing, Jesus instantly presented Himself, even " before I had began to pray, so true is His Word, " ' Thou meetest him that returneth.' "

June 19. " Nothing appears to me of any real " importance but the full salvation of my poor " soul. Oh, how I long for entire Holiness. Lord " give it me."

Sept. 9. " Yesterday, though prevented going to " chapel through indisposition, yet the Lord gave " me some sweet assurances of His love, and this " morning He is sweetly present with my soul, " and I rest in Him. During the last month I

" have had a most remarkable answer to prayer.
" Oh, trust in Him at all times, my soul, pour out
" thy heart before Him. God is thy refuge.

Sept. 26. Oh, Thou adorable Jesus, how wonder-
" ful is Thy love. I asked my Heavenly Father
" a particular request in Thy name. It was that a
" temporal inconvenience might be obviated, and
" to my utter astonishment my prayer is more
" than fully answered, and whilst I record this,
" Jesus has so filled my soul with His presence,
" and so showed me that it was for His alone sake,
" that my soul is melted with gratitude, and falls
" prostrate in humble adoration."

Oct. 6. " Thy love to me is wonderful, passing
" all other love. It overlooks my ingratitude, my
" lukewarmness, my sinfulness, and manifests it-
" self, not as a sudden gleam, but as a bright day
" without a cloud, which raises me out of the ruin
" of self and unbelief, till my soul seems subdued
" into oneness with the warmth of Divine love,
" Jesus lived! Jesus died! Jesus reigns! I know
" it, I feel it. Amen, Amen."

Oct. 12. " What a wonder is Divine love! That
" I a poor, unholy, unworthy creature should have
" the hope of glory, and such a hope as 'maketh not
" ashamed.' Amazing love: Almighty benevolence."

Oct. 30. "I feel deep poverty of spirit. I feel "stripped of all self-dependence. I am deeply "abased before God, but I am enabled to cling to "Jesus by simple Faith, and thereby rise above "the ruins of the fall. I believe, by Jesus, I shall "be saved. Religion with me is not a superficial "work. I feel it deep, circumcising, and involving "constant self-denial; that it is the death of self "and sin, and the life of inward holiness, rectitude, "purity, justice, truth, love. It is the law of "God, written on the fleshly tables of the heart, "and kept unbroken by the indwelling spirit of "God. I am amazed at the depth and degradation "of the fall, as I feel it in my own heart, but still "more amazed at that matchless love which has "saved me, which does save me, and which will "I humbly trust eternally save me."

Nov. 5. "Sunday was a day of much blessing "to my soul. I enjoyed such clear evidence, such "solid certainty that Jesus was mine, and that I "was His, as made me truly glad, and to-day I "feel the powerful workings of the Holy Spirit "within me. I am sure the work of purification is "going on in my soul. I believe through the blood "of Jesus I shall see God."

Dec. 3. "My sight is so weak I cannot read "much. My chest is so weak that conversation "gives me great uneasiness and pain. My back is

" so weak that walking about the house affects me
" considerably, yet I bless God He enables me to
" feel patience and resignation. I know both soul
" and body are bought with a price, and He has a
" right to do what He will with His own, yet I
" desire health if it be His will, but above all I
" desire entire Holiness, which I know is according
" to His will."

Dec. 21. " I have this day experienced a great
" deliverance. A remarkable instantaneous answer
" to prayer. In looking I was saved from a severe
" temporal trial, and if so favoured in bodily things,
" what may I not expect in spiritual things."

Feb. 6, 1834. " My soul enjoys a sweet resting
" place in Jesus Christ. He blesses me with His
" presence, and the manner of His presence brings
" evidence that He has healed my backslidings,
" and that he loves me freely. Oh, how I am
" blessed and comforted. The world has nothing to
" give like this. On Tuesday, when in an agony
" of pain, my soul was suddenly filled with Jesus,
" and He caused me to triumph in Himself amidst
" severe bodily anguish. Lord, keep me ever look-
" ing to Thee, ever obedient to the influence of Thy
" word and spirit."

April 24. " I have been this day favoured with
" a gracious visit from my Lord and Saviour Jesus

" Christ. As I was this day laying my weak, " feeble body at the feet of Jesus, and telling Him " how much I was suffering from the curse, and " that He had redeemed me from the curse, and " entreating Him, if it was His will to restore me " to health and vigour, the answer was, 'I will " ransom thee from the power of the grave, I will " redeem thee from death.' This was accompanied " with a brilliancy of evidence, and I can truly " say, neither health, vigour, nor life itself, is com- " parable to my Saviour's love.

I here insert a very striking letter written by my mother about this time, to be given to me in case of her death, an event which her extreme weakness, and the severe spasmodic attacks she frequently suffered from, rendered highly probable. I found it in her desk, thirty-six years after the time it was written, on looking over her papers after her funeral. It contains a brief but clear account of the plan of salvation, in a few short but impressive sentences. The best legacy a loving mother could have left her son.

" My beloved child, 1834.

" I write this letter, to be given to thee, when " thy fond mother has put on immortality. Thou " brought into this world, my dear boy, a corrupt, " unholy nature, which will lead thee, as it leads

"everyone into continual acts of disobedience "against God and His perfect law. Thou art in "thyself utterly unable to change thy nature, or "to atone for past sin, or to lead a life of future "obedience. Almighty God, thy Heavenly Father, "seeing this, has laid help upon one mighty to "save, even Jesus Christ. He died to atone for "thy sins; believe, therefore, my dear William, this "great truth. Believe and live, and when God "graciously gives thee an assurance that thy sins "are forgiven, then, my love, earnestly seek through "faith in Jesus Christ, for the entire destruction of "all sin, for the entire renewal of your nature, for "the full establishment of the Redeemer's kingdom "in your heart, which is righteousness, peace, and "joy in the Holy Ghost. Jesus came not only as "a Prophet to guide, and as a Priest to atone, but "as a King to rule. May the Lord enable you, "my sweet boy, to receive Him in all His offices "and characters, and then the blessing of Almighty "God will be upon you, under all the circumstances "of life, in the untried, unknown hour of death, in "the last awful day of judgment. Your soul thus "atoned for by the blood of Jesus, and sanctified "by the in-dwelling of the Holy Spirit, will be "presented to God, even the Father, without spot "of defilement, to be glorious for ever. Oh! Thou "eternal triune Jehovah, hear a mother's prayer in "behalf of her only son. Justify him, through

"faith in Thy precious blood; sanctify him, by "the in-dwelling of the Holy Ghost; make him "very useful in his day and generation; hold "sweet communion with him by day and by night, "and at length receive him into Thy glory. This, "my dear William, is the fervent prayer of thy "affectionate mother,

"MARIA ALLEN."

The next extract in my mother's diary is very remarkable, as showing the many striking answers to prayer she received.

May 17. "Yesterday and to-day my beloved "Jesus has been wonderfully precious to my soul "and body. Oh! how very great is the blessedness "of those whom the spirit enables to trust in Jesus. "If I were to tell the answers to faith and prayer "I have had this week, I should scarcely be be- "lieved, but oh, my Lord has blessed me, and it is "marvellous in my eyes. I feel only as dust, as "nothing. I am brought very low, but Jesus is "my all, my Saviour, my worthiness, my security, "my peace, my desire. This is my birthday, and "the Lord wonderfully blesses me with His pre- "sence. I am bountifully dealt with; love upon "love, and grace upon grace. I feel no care, no "anxiety, because I feel Jesus is mightily precious. "Oh! what a feast is His love to my soul."

July 31. "Still spared. Since last date, have had "such answers to prayers as surprises me, and this "surprise is the effect of unbelief. Oh! that I had "more simple faith, then prayer would be omnipo- "tent."

In the summer of this year, my father and mother left Nelson-street, where they had resided ever since their marriage, and went to live at Cheetham-hill, a pleasant locality, about two miles from Manchester. Soon after they were settled at their new residence, my father, who at that time filled two public offices, which have very rarely been filled at the same time by the same person, namely that of Churchwarden of the parish Church of Manchester, and Circuit Steward of the First Manchester Wesleyan Circuit, was taken dangerously ill. This illness was in a great measure the result of over exertion and excitment, during a most severe contest which took place in the town respecting church rates. For some months his life was despaired of, but though in a very feeble state of health herself, my mother nursed him with unremitting attention, and there is little doubt was the means of saving his life, by her kind and constant care.

March 27, 1835. "God is to me a God of love, "a faithful God, a tender Father, an omnipotent

"Protector. He is my eternal God. I have Him as "mine in the past, as mine at the present, as mine "in the future, through Jesus Christ."

April 13. "Just recovered, through mercy, from "a severe attack of spasms, during the violence of "which, I was so blessed with the presence of my "Redeemer, and enjoyed so firm an assurance of "my eternal safety and happiness through Jesus, "as I cannot describe. The effect was entire "resignation to the will of God, freedom from "every anxious thought and feeling, attended with "such a sense and view of eternal happiness "through Jesus, as placed all temporal things and "relations in their proper place.

The following July, my mother lost her aged father, Mr. Shepherd, to whom she was most tenderly attached, and whose death she deeply lamented. Mr. Shepherd was in many respects a remarkable man; possessed of great decision and firmness of character, he had at the same time an excellent judgment, and perfect self-control. A kind and loving husband; a fond, but wise and judicious parent; a just but firm master, he gained the esteem and respect of all who knew him, while his own family regarded him with feelings of the warmest affection. In reference to his death, my mother writes as follows in her diary.

"My dear, honoured and venerable father de-
"parted this mortal life on Sunday morning, July
"5th, 1835. He was in full health, till three o'clock
"on Saturday afternoon, when he was seized with
"violent pain at the stomach, was visited by three
"medical men, who all assured him and us, that
"my beloved parent was not in any danger; but
"so mistaken were they, respecting his state, that
"on his getting out of bed about two on Sunday
"morning, he suddenly sank and very soon his
"immortal spirit escaped to God, washed in the
"blood of his adored Redeemer. A short time
"before his departure, my dear father told me he
"felt the love of God so fill his heart, that he dare
"as soon doubt the Bible as doubt that Jesus was
"his Saviour. And now I have lost the best of
"fathers, I feel inconsolable for his loss, and refuse
"to be comforted because he is not. My truly
"beloved father was in his 77th year."

Only two months after the death of her father, she was called on to sustain another heavy bereavement, in the sudden death of her sister, Mrs. Townend.

The following extract refers to this sad event:

"On the fourth of September, 1835, my dearly
"beloved sister, Elizabeth Townend, was called
"into eternity. She was at Beaumaris, and

"was in her usual state of health (never good),
"had walked nearly the whole morning, eat a
"hearty dinner, and about half-past six set off to take
"a walk, and had partly ascended the cliff, when,
"after expressing herself as fatigued, she said 'I am
"faint,' and was immediately conveyed to the house
"where she expired. It was not nine weeks since I
"lost my beloved father. Under that shock I seemed
"given up to inconsolable grief. When this blow
"was struck, it was accompanied by such a deep
"silence of spirit, that I dare neither murmur nor
"repine, every feeling was hushed into submission,
"I felt it was the hand and the power of God. I
"feel God is a God, all love, jealous of his glory,
"and he will have our undivided hearts. My
"only fear now, is, that these heavy strokes should
"not be sanctified to each of us. I stand in jeopardy
"of my own life every hour, not knowing but my
"call may be sudden. Three times whilst praying
"with the dear family of my departed sister, this
"promise was given me, 'when thou passeth
"through the valley and shadow of death I will be
"with thee.'"

This year my mother's health, which had been extremely delicate since the summer of 1832, completely failed, and for the next three years she was frequently confined to bed for many weeks at a time, except when occasionally she was strong

enough to be carried by her maid to the sofa. Now and then, indeed, her strength seemed partially to return, and she was able to be lifted into her carriage for an hour's drive. On one or two occasions she so far rallied, as to be able to go to Chapel, which she regarded as a very special privilege. Her sufferings were also very great, as a spinal affection, with which she had been sometime threatened, now set in. At times her weakness was extreme; so great indeed that her physician, the celebrated Dr. Holme, frequently observed on coming to the house to see her, how much he was surprised to find her alive. In this feeble and critical state, scarcely ever able to attend the public means of grace, and necessarily left much alone; in pain, weakness, and extreme suffering; as my father was, of course, compelled to attend to business during the day, she felt God was with her, and was her strong support in the hour of trouble, and by His grace she was enabled to triumph and rejoice in the midst of severe pain and suffering. This is beautifully shown by several of the following extracts from her diary.

Christmas Day, 1835. "Early this morning my "soul was deeply humbled by a sense of the near- "ness of my Redeemer. Oh! what a delightful "morning I have enjoyed in the presence of my "Lord. Many precious words has He spoken

"inwardly to my soul. Lord, help me every "moment or I shall fall."

Dec. 30. "This has been to me one of the days "of the Son of man. At Class I was much blessed, "and whilst returning home the Holy Spirit gave "me such a clear view and feeling of Jesus being "an Atonement, a substitute for me, as I cannot "describe; but I felt that through Jesus having "paid the debt I owed, I was an heir of God, and "a joint heir with Jesus Christ. I enjoy great "peace."

January 6, 1836. "What a great salvation does "my Jesus bless me with; my peace flows like a "river. I have such sweet subduing visits from "my Lord as humble me to the dust, and I bless "my God; these are also transporting in their "effects. I am amazed at the greatness of sal- "vation."

January 17, "All fear seems hushed, but the "fear of not diligently using the grace my Jesus "gives me. To use grace with all diligence I find "is the way to glorify God, to get nearer to Him, "and to obtain an increase."

January 26. "I bless my God my evidence is "clear. I do walk in the light. I have open "access continually. Christ is my life. His spirit "increases in me. Whilst examining my evidence

" by the eighth chapter of Romans, the Lord shone " upon His own word, and I felt my assurance " strong as a cable fixed to the rock of ages. Grace; " a sinner saved by grace, kept by grace."

March 2. " Under a wonderful manifestation " of Divine power, I was shown a little of the " beauty of the law of love, and it has begotten in " me such a desire to be melted, and refined, and " purified by love, as swallows up every other " desire. Love is the fulfilling of the law. God is " love. It was love that brought my Saviour down " to die for me. Oh! may my heart take the " divine impress, and reflect the likeness of my " master."

March 9. " For three days I have been so " melted and subdued by divine love as I cannot " describe. On Sunday, whilst at Chapel, I said " in my heart, what is the Lord going to do with " me? When instantly I felt myself as if enfolded " in the arms of divine love; my security in Christ " was so great."

March 16. " I often think of the solemn judg- " ment day, but never without this conviction, that " the Judge is my dearest friend."

Good Friday. " My soul spiritually discerned the " Lord's body at His table, and for nearly an hour " afterwards, I think I was as filled as the body " was able to bear."

Easter Sunday. "I was, during service, very "abundantly blessed. I felt very anxious to be "at the Missionary meeting on Monday, and prayed "to the Lord for permission. This was in bed at "night, when such a view of the glory of my "Redeemer's kingdom burst upon my soul as "exceeded all the meetings I ever was at. The "constant desire of my soul is to glorify God with "every talent, and at present I do not see my way; "great bodily debility keeps me back from activity; "but when He has tried me, I shall come forth as "gold, either for usefulness here, or glory hereafter. "I call Heaven and earth to witness, that not one "of my Lord's promises have ever failed in their "accomplishment. The simple life of faith is 'ask "and have,' and I think at times I have as much "as this feeble body can bear of divine love, with-"out sinking under it. What that exceeding "weight of glory is, I feel as if I should know. "Hallelujah. Amen."

May 29. "About six weeks ago, whilst praying "for myself, in a moment I was conscious of my "dear sister B., (who had died the previous year,) "being near me, and mentally understood that she "said, 'Pray for my children.' I was surprised, and "made no reply. At night, in bed, the same "occurred again, and again the next morning, when "I answered, 'I will my dear.' Since then they "have been laid upon my mind in a very parti-"cular manner, the two elder ones especially."

This account may seem strange to some. I confess at first it startled me. Yet why should it? Why should we regard such a circumstance as beyond the bounds of possibility? Why might not the spirit of her departed sister be permitted to visit her, and make the sense of its presence known, and silently reveal its wishes? We know little of the spirit world. Where is it? What do its strange inhabitants do? What is their work? What do their joys and sorrows consist in? When that mysterious separation takes place which we call death; when those strange companions the mortal body and the immortal spirit are parted, what becomes of the latter? We know well what is done with the body. It is wrapped in its shroud, placed in its coffin, laid in its grave, there to moulder, "earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," till summoned to rise at the resurrection morning, it shall start to life, and tenanted once more by the soul, shall put on immortality. But what becomes of the spirit at the hour of dissolution? Where does it go? Whither does it wing its flight? Where is its home? Does it join its kindred spirits to wait in some appointed place, in hope or fear, the day of the last great assize? Is it permitted to visit the scene of its former actions, to gaze on the ever ripening fruit of the seed it sowed on earth, to watch the ever springing harvest of its earthly deeds? It cannot die. It cannot crumble to dust.

It cannot sleep in the grave, but freed from its mortal bonds, it must live, disembodied, deathless, immortal; but where? In one sense, the spirit world is ever round us. Angels and fallen spirits ever watch with eager gaze, our every action. They see us, though we cannot see them, but their presence is not the less certain. The reality is not less a reality, because our eyes are closed to the vision. Angels, we are told, are "all minister-"ing spirits, sent forth to minister for them, who "shall be heirs of salvation." Devils are spirits, fallen spirits, whose fearful calling it is to tempt men to sin, and lead them on to perdition. All these are spirits, spirits ever present though we see them not. Spirits, some glorious and pure, some fallen and lost; but all, though we are not conscious of their presence, able to communicate and suggest thoughts to our minds. We therefore live in the midst of the spirit world. They come and go, though we see no form; they speak to us, though we hear no voice; they watch our deeds, though we discern not their presence. And if these spirits are ever present with us, haunting our path whereever we go, as ministers of mercy, or tempters to sin; may not the souls of the departed visit us as well; and if they do so, is it impossible or indeed violently improbable that on some rare occasions, for some wise end, and for some sufficient reason, we may be permitted to feel conscious of

their presence, though they remain unseen to our bodily eyes? What end more important, what reason more sufficient could there be, for such an occurrence, than for the soul of a departed mother to entreat her sister's prayers for the children she had left?

Unquestionably accounts like this should be received with the utmost caution. In the vast majority of cases they will be found mere idle stories, but that is no proof that all are delusions. In former days men erred on the side of credulity. The danger is now of leaning too much to the side incredulity. The tone of thought in the present day tends towards a contemptuous unbelief in the spiritual and the unseen. On these points, revelation is regarded as synonymous with superstition, and the narratives of the Bible as antiquated fables. The right way of dealing with accounts of this kind is, avoiding on the one hand all superstitious credulity, and on the other hand all scornful unbelief, and weighing well the character, veracity and credibility of the narrator, carefully to winnow the wheat from the chaff, and rejecting the false to accept the true.

June 4. "A few days ago I was appealed to "by a person who had been treated unkindly "by a friend, to know if the unkindness ought "not to be resented. I replied, the Bible says, "'Overcome evil with good.' This advice was

"followed. Soon after I retired to my own room "to pray, and kneeling down, Jesus manifested "Himself unexpectedly to my soul. I said, Lord "how is it that Thou dost manifest Thyself to me? "The answer was, 'He that keepeth my command- "ments, he it is that loveth me.' I said, Lord "wherein have I kept Thy word. I was instantly "shewn, that by being a peace-maker I had kept "the law of love. Well might David say, 'in "keeping Thy law, there is great reward.'"

July 9. "The Lord has been very gracious "during my illness. I have been blessed with a "firm reliance on Jesus, a calm resting in Him, "and filled with unbroken peace."

July 13. "Christ is mine, and I am His. I am "blessed this morning with a sweet sense of His "presence, and of His love. I feel in a degree "His renewing power and subduing love. I am "without that fear which perfect love casts out. "If the Lord permits, I intend going down stairs "this morning, after being confined to my bed and "room sixteen days."

July 16. "My religion consists in a simple "believing, receiving, view of Jesus; by this view "I am justified, by this view I am sanctified, by "this view I am kept. Blessed God, continue to keep "my eye steadily fixed on Thee, as my wisdom,

" righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, and " the glory shall all be Thy own. Amen. Halle- " lujah."

Nov. 8. " On Friday I was seized with spasms, " and such happiness rushed into my soul with the " pain as astonished me. It was just as if a voice " said, 'This mortal must put on immortality.' " Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of " God, and then as if another cheerfully responded " in a voice half singing, 'in a moment, in the " twinkling of an eye, in a moment.' I could only " wonder and praise."

Dec. 31. " I bless and praise Thee, O God, for " bringing me nearly to the close of another year. " Oh! my God and Father give me power to " receive all Thou art willing to give, for there is " no end to the riches of Thy love, words cannot "express its vastness, it is an occan without a " shore, and all mine in Christ."

January 27, 1837. " Confined to my bed since " Monday with influenza, but all is mingled with " so much mercy, that I should be most wicked if " I felt anything like impatience or murmuring. " I am kept with my will so sweetly lost in the " will of Christ, that all is right. I bless God He " gives me to feel a solid certainty that He is " mine, and I am His, and this all of love, free,

"full, unbounded love. Jesus bought me with "His blood, made an atonement for me, and has "now cleansed me, and is still reviving and "comforting and filling, and still sanctifying, still "cleansing and keeping me every moment. If I "could express what I feel, I would, but it is all "of love! love! love!"

February 22. "'Bless the Lord, Oh my soul!' "Last night I had a spasmodic attack. During "its severity, I felt clearly a life within a life, an "existence within an existence; so powerfully did "the immortal rise and triumph over the mortal; "the body worn by pain, the soul vigorous in "health; indeed the soul seemed to dance and sing. "I felt completely taken out of self, and did feel, "that they who dwell in the secret place of the "most High, do abide under the shadow of the "Almighty. Boundless love! unutterable love! "I had nothing to do but praise."

February 26. "My hope and confidence is firm "as a rock, because fixed on the rock of ages. "Yesterday, I heard a sermon in our Chapel, the "first time for nine months, raised up from sickness "by the mighty power of God. I bless His holy "name. Felt while there such strong assurance "that I should see Christ, and by Him, be at last "presented to the Father, without spot or wrinkle, "or any such thing."

Sunday, April 16. "Again confined to my room "for the last seven days, and not allowed to move "from the couch, but I bless God my soul is not "confined to earth. No cloud is permitted to come "between Jesus and the eye of my faith. I realize "His presence in some such way as the bodily "eye beholds a beautiful object that it admires "and loves. I feel a calm rest and peace in Christ, "just as when a person reclines on a verdant bank "on a summer's evening, without anything to "obscure from his view the mild, softened radiance "of the sun."

June 13. "I have had peculiarly striking views "lately of earthly relationships. Dear and interest- "ing and happy as family connections make this "life, I feel they are only given us to answer His "great order of providence, for all things serve "Him, and to carry on His merciful designs to- "wards us."

June 25. "I enjoy a settled, calm peace and "repose in Christ, beholding Him by the eye of "faith continually, and living by the life that "view imparts; I seem to have lost sight of self, "and do really feel that Christ is my all in all. "If I feel love in my heart it is Jesus; if it flows "out in action, it is still Jesus; if I have fervency "in prayer, it is His spirit; if I feel dull and "heavy, I still look to Him, and am lightened; if

"I carry the cross of a debilitated body, I feel that "He will one day make it like His own glorious "body."

July 10. "I seem to feel great spiritual languor, "but not less spiritual love; I mean the divine "principle is strong as ever, but the vehicle of its "operation (the body) is weary and feeble. 'I "groan, being burdened,' that I cannot wrestle in "prayer as I had used to do, when my prayer "was as the bow of Jonathan, that turned not "back, and as the sword of Saul, which returned "not empty. What I feel now is a calm rest in "Jesus; an almost constant sense of His presence, "a desire to know and to do His will; power to "meet the order of providence without any op- "posing feeling. In this respect I feel a great "change. I had often used to wish many daily "occurrences had happened, otherwise than they "did, but since all has been surrendered to the "Lord, I feel my business is not to choose, but to "meet circumstances in the Lord's order."

July 17. "It seems to me, to be an easy path "to live by faith, when the soul is resolutely "determined, by the grace of God, neither to listen "to the Devil, nor to the carnal mind, nor to the "world; but to look simply to Jesus, believing "His word,

"Be it I myself deceive,
"Yet I will, I do believe.

"We lose much, because we refuse to enjoy what "the Lord gives us, in our grasp for more; but a "soul that lives in Christ, by simple faith, does "His will, praising Him for all, for what it enjoys "and what it has in prospect; I believe such a "soul receives more and grows more, than one "which forgets its present mercies, in an impatient "desire for greater good."

The next extract is remarkably beautiful:

August 13. "Redeeming love; my soul, as a "bird often seems to fly in the vast firmament of "redeeming love, but as the wings of a bird will "only enable it to soar to a certain height, so my "present limited capacities bound my flight, and "overwhelmed by its immensity, I repose in my "true centre, whilst every feeling and faculty, "without a voice, exclaims 'God is love.'"

Nov. 15. "I sensibly feel two kinds of life, "natural and spiritual, each of which has its own "class of senses, and I bless God my spiritual eye "is open to discern my Saviour, my spiritual ear, to "hear the voice of His spirit, and I can say, Jesus "my Saviour and my God, is my dearest friend in "earth or Heaven."

January 24, 1838. "I feel uninterrupted peace,

"and a glorious liberty. I feel a citizen of no "mean city, I feel all its privileges and immunities "are mine, and I have constant access to the King, "through my great advocate and Redeemer. I "have every want supplied, I feed on royal "dainties, I breath an atmosphere that increases "life, and yet I am nothing, but Christ is my all "in all. Whilst writing this I deeply feel such "poverty and nothingness as I cannot describe, "but I see Jesus fully mine."

March 29. "Since I last wrote, I have passed "through much tribulation, but in Christ I have "had peace, constant, abiding, unbroken peace. "My Lord told me three times, 'When thou pass- "est through the waters, I will be with thee,' and "He has been faithful to His promise, and I give "Him all the glory."

November 29. "Still spared, still surrounded "with blessings and mercies innumerable. I enjoy "at all times, clear evidence that Christ is mine. "In this respect my sun goes not down; my mind "is much drawn to meditate on and pray for the "law of holiness to be writ on my soul as with the "finger of God. I see an inexpressible beauty in "holiness, which is Christ in us. I am taught by "the spirit to go simply and believingly to God in "Christ Jesus. I do go in this way. I ask and

" receive, and I often have a fulness of joy. When
" I ask God in Christ for the fulfilment of a
" promise, I do not doubt, or ask, shall I have it?
" I know I shall, for not one tittle of His word can
" fail. I feel strong security in Jesus, strong
" security in His word, and have abiding in me
" the strength and the witness of His spirit, that
" I am made just in the sight of God, by the great
" Atonement of His precious blood. As a wife, I
" find the word tells me to reverence my husband;
" as a mother to train up my child in the way he
" should go; to teach him the law of God at all
" times; as a mistress to rule well my household,
" and not to let them eat the bread of idleness,
" and to set them an example of order and dili-
" gence. My affections are attracted by the word
" of God, to ask largely for the supply of the spirit
" of Jesus Christ, that my common actions may
" tend to His Glory, that God may be glorified by
" my indoor conduct, as well as by my outward
" profession."

Dec. 31. " My experience of Jesus is all reality.
" I feel no doubt, no fear, no distrust. He is with
" me more constantly than any earthly friend can
" be. I know I have redemption through His
" blood, the forgiveness of my sins, and I desire
" to be found holy, without blame, before Him, in
" love. I want my life to shew forth His praise.
" I want my daily conduct to be my profession

"of Christ. I want the subduing influence of "His spirit, to be seen in my meekness and "forbearance. In short, I want to be likeminded "with Christ, to be possessed wholly of His spirit, "that whatever I do, whether I eat or drink, or sleep "or wake, I may do all to the glory of God in Christ "Jesus, by the power of His spirit which worketh "in me. The present year, now near a close, has "to me, been replete with mercies, all of which "were purchased by my Redeemer's precious blood. "Blessed Jesus, Thou art my all in all, my wis-"dom, my righteousness, my santification, and "redemption. I know not how to speak Thy praise. "Thou knowest I cannot give expression to my "feelings or desires on this subject. Thus far I "can say, blessed Jesus, Thou art exceeding "glorious, Thou art full of love, and Thou art my "all in all, and I am lost in Thee."

February 9, 1839. "I feel the Lord gives me "an increase of spiritual courage, and a jealousy "over my general conduct. I look to this in a "way I never did before, that the gospel be not "blamed. Even in the order and regulations of "my house, this is the principle of my actions, "that the gospel be not blamed. It appears to "me, that Christians ought to do everything better "than the worldlings, because they possess an "inward power, that worldlings do not.'

February 16. "On Thursday, I felt clearly, as "if I had a two-fold personality, or a spiritual and "a natural existence. For about an hour the "spiritual life seemed so to rise in strength and "dignity, and triumph over the natural life, that "my body seemed only as an outer garment, which "would be easily put off. The spirit's work in me "was so powerful, that I thought He was going "to put it off from me then. About two hours "after this, as I sat at tea, I was taken very ill, "but felt neither fear nor doubt; all was calm, "triumphant peace, and firm reliance on Jesus, my "atonement, my intercessor, my righteousness, my "all."

June 1. "The Lord Jesus seems to bless my "blessings. I cannot describe the rich enjoyment "I have in creation, in all things. I see all as "coming from God, and all leads to God. I feel "a weight of mercies. I often feel ashamed before "God, I am unworthy to be the object of such "love. What Heaven will be I know not, but my "rich enjoyment of all things here is very great, "and I bless God the debility and pain of body I "sometimes feel, does not seem to damp my joy. "I have also such a sense of spiritual blessings, so "great and powerful, yet I cannot lay hold of them. "My heart wants enlargement to receive them, "but the sense of their nearness is very delightful."

Sunday, July 21. "Blessed Jesus, Son of God, "Saviour of my soul and body, Thou art my "voluntary choice. Thy spirit has enabled me to "make choice of Thee. I am bought with Thy "blood. Help me from the evil of the world. I "feel I cannot do one moment without Thee; with-"out faith in Thy cleansing blood. Yesterday "will not do for to-day. I feel I need Thy for-"giving love, and Thy cleansing blood every "moment, or I should instantly contract defile-"ment. I cannot exist naturally one minute, "without breathing the vital air, nor can I exist "spiritually one minute without Jesus. I bless "Thee, I praise Thee, Thou art ever with me. "Thy intercession with Thy Father in my behalf, "causes blessings to shower down, in and around "both soul and body. Thy spirit invests my soul "with a dignity of feeling, which despises and "mourns over the frivolity of the world. I have "kept silence in their company, but it was sad "unto me. Give me Thyself blessed Jesus, enable "me to keep Thy law unbroken, even Thy law of "love."

April 15, 1840. "My hope is in Jesus, the "Lamb of God, my Saviour. I rest on the broad "basis of gospel truth, made known to my under-"standing and applied to my soul by the Holy "Spirit. The spirit blesses me with such clear

"views of salvation, being wholly of grace, that I "seem to shrink into nothingness, and almost hide "myself from the view I love, feeling so unworthy "of such favour. Jesus is to me what the sun is "to the natural world: my weak sight is dazzled "by the brightness of the sun, and I am sometimes "given to enjoy such a view of the grace and love, "there is in the Redeemer, as dazzles my faith, and "almost suppresses thought before Him."

In the summer of this year, my father purchased in London a handsome yellow chariot for my mother. It is somewhat remarkable that in her childhood she had been very anxious to possess a carriage of that description, for though she had never seen one, she had been told about them, and her childish curiosity had been aroused by the accounts she had heard, and she had made it a subject of prayer that at some time of her life she might herself possess one. The following entry in her diary records the feelings with which she received my father's present.

June 11, 1840. "I record this to the faithful-"ness of my covenant keeping God, and to the "truth of His word. Forty years ago, (for I could "not be more than nine years of age, when the "following childish desires were prayed, not only "daily, but many times a day, nothing doubting, "but that promise would be fulfilled. 'Whatever

"ye ask the Father in my name it shall be given "you.') My petitions were; 'grant that I may have "a bad illness, be converted to God in that illness, "recover, be married, live in Manchester, keep a "carriage, and go to Heaven when I die.' I had "fixed in my own mind that I should like to have "the illness when I was twelve years of age, but "my Lord did not send it until I was nineteen, "when I had a dreadful malignant typhus fever, "was convinced of my need of a Saviour in that "fever, and also was graciously acknowledged as "His child, and had a delightful revelation of His "name Jesus to my soul; after which I speedily "recovered. At the age of thirty-one I married "and came to live at Manchester. Eight years "after that, my dear husband bought me a barouche; "but this was not the carriage I had prayed for; "*that* was a chariot, and whenever my dear hus- "band used to propose ordering me one, I felt a sort "of shrinking from it, knowing that every petition "would then be granted, but the last, and I seemed, "however poorly I was, to have the certainty of "being spared a little longer to the beloved of my "heart, whilst that petition was unanswered. But "now my husband, at my own request, has given "me an elegant yellow chariot, just the one I "prayed for; though at the time I offered up the "desire, such vehicles were seldom seen in small "inland towns; but I had heard my father speak

"of having ridden in such a one in Manchester. "I have received it with deep solemnity of feeling, "as the last of my childlike petitions for earthly "good. I have received it as the gift of my "Heavenly Father in answer to prayer, and am "both humbled and encouraged; and ought I to "doubt now, after such proofs of the truth of the "word of God, that my last and still constant "desire will be fulfilled? I do not doubt. I have "ventured my salvation upon Jesus, and I know "He will cause me to triumph in death itself, and "over death, through His precious blood. Nothing "now seems before me, but the fulness of the "gospel promises, or in other words, with self "application, 'all things are yours;' time, promises, "blessings, eternity, all in and through, and by "Jesus, to whom with the Father and the Holy "Ghost, I trust I shall spend a glorious immor- "tality in ascribing all honour, and glory, and "power, and majesty, for ever and ever. Amen."

In the autumn of this year, my father's health being much injured by close attention to business, we all went a journey through the south of England for a few weeks. In reference to this, my mother writes in her diary as follows:

"During our journey for the benefit of my dear "husband's health, our pleasure was lessened by "the severe illness of our darling child, yet so

"good was my God, that before the violence of his "disorder came on, He sweetly assured me the "child should not die. At Cheltenham on Sunday, "as we were sitting talking after dinner, I felt "strongly drawn to retire to pray that my beloved "husband might be spared to me, and almost as "soon as I again joined him, he was taken very "unwell, and was obliged to go to bed, but my "distress was much alleviated by the solid con-"viction I had been favoured with in prayer that "the Lord would spare him."

In the following year these entries occur in her diary:

January 14, 1841. "Spared another year. My "dependence is alone on the crucified Redeemer "for life and salvation. The two-fold view I at "all times have of His fulness and my nothingness; "of His power, and my helplessness, keeps me "both humble and happy. The way is become "very simple; there is nothing between me, the "sinner, and the Saviour—nothing between Thee, "O blessed Father, and the sinner, but the once "crucified and now exalted Redeemer."

May 24. "Everything to me seems a mani-"festation of God, I see Him in the beauties of "nature, in all my temporal blessings, in the "kindness of my friends, in the air I breath, in all

"I enjoy; Him, the supreme! eternal! all in all!
"This also is of God, and I give Him all the glory,
"through Jesus Christ my Redeemer."

August 12. "Very poorly and weak in body.
"I think the mortal part will soon sink; but oh!
"the hope of the gospel. I pray that whenever I
"am called away, a full manifestation of my
"Saviour God,

"May snatch my soul from earth away,
"To mingle with eternal day."

Sept. 27. "What a paradise! That I the great-
"est of sinners, nothing but unworthiness, unfaith-
"fulness, unfruitfulness, should, by divine love, be
"favoured with a strong evidence of pardon and
"acceptance through Jesus the atonement of the
"world. My spiritual sight has been dimmed by
"a severe, nervous complaint, but I bless the Lord,
"I am now favoured with clear evidence, I can
"call the world's Redeemer mine, and I cannot
"fear, since, because He lives, I shall live also."

About this time my mother ceased to keep a regular diary. Only occasional entries are to found, from which I select the following extracts:

March 18, 1842. "My state of mind during
"the last fourteen days. Frequently blessed with
"such subduing, divine influence, that my flesh

"trembles with a kind of feeling that I shall be "quite overwhelmed with divine love. Sometimes "such views of the exceeding great blessings of "the gospel, that I feel I am such a babe in grace, "and think I shall never live long enough to make "progress towards manhood in Christ. And some-"times I feel such spiritual, mental, and bodily "stupor and insensibility, as I cannot describe. "In this dreadful state, prayer seems unprofitable, "the word of God lifeless, and I feel, if I am saved, "it must be by a sovereign act of love. Then "perhaps in a moment when I am not looking for "such grace, a sacred, divine influence comes, and "I am melted and humbled, and whilst the gracious "influence remains I become nothing. I wish to "become nothing, and yet have every power and "faculty so influenced and rendered active by "divine love, as to be doing, and thinking, and "living every moment to the Lord for His glory. "Oh, the riches of the love of God! oh, the beauty, "the glory of the law of God! oh, how I love Thy "law, and my greatest grief is, that I cannot keep "it, as I would. Lord give me more grace."

The following extract is taken from a letter to her esteemed friend Mrs. Pattison, dated June 24, 1842.

"I have often heard you say, 'There is nothing "greater than love,' for 'God is love.' I see this

"and desire only to be subdued by divine love,
"till every power, and faculty, and inclination and
"wish, rests in silent, adoring thankfulness at the
"Redeemer's feet, inwardly exclaiming, 'Thy will
"be done.' Frames and feelings, seem little in
"comparison of this divine principle of love. I do
"not mourn at variations which may arise from
"the physical economy of our bodies, but I do
"keenly feel, when any temper or thought dis-
"covers itself, contrary to love."

The following are taken from her diary:

May 29, 1843. "Blessed Jesus! Thou dost fill
"me with joy; joy unspeakable. Every tree,
"every flower, every comfort comes from Thee,
"and is a source of joy. My soul is in a transport
"of praise, and groans for ability to express its
"gratitude. I worship Thee for giving me my
"husband, one in whom Thou delightest. Oh
"what a blessing hast Thou made him to me. He
"like Thyself overlooks my many failures, and
"loves me still. Lord, make us both and our child
"fully thine. I feel a weight of love. Lord, make
"us just all Thou would'st have us to be."

Sept. 22, 1845. "My one idea of conversion,
"of a new heart, of a sanctified spirit, is to be all
"love, all meekness, all yielding to Thee, all praise.
"This is the experience I seek, this is the experi-

"ence Thou wilt give me. I know Thou wilt, "because Thy promise standeth fast for ever; but "why delay? My Saviour Jesus, my atonement, "my substitute, stands before Thee in my behalf. "For His alone sake, make me all love. I hate "evil thinkings, I hate evil speakings, I hate "suspicious jealousies, I hate selfishness, because "it is so unlike Thee. Come what will I will "praise Thee now and for ever, yes, throughout "eternity will I praise Thee:—but this is not "enough, I want my life to praise Thee here. I "want to live a life of love; all love! all love! "without one jarring string."

Nov. 8, 1845. "Sometimes, when I pray, I "seem to realise Christ so as my 'all in all,' that "I ask Him to bless me, not according to my "poverty of asking, but according to His view of "my utter helplessness, and absolute poverty. I "love to sink into nothing before Him, because "He then is my 'all in all.'"

The next extract is very striking.

Sept. 19, 1846. "The Lord's dealings with me "from infancy to the present time have been so "marked by watchful care and loving-kindness, "that the retrospect fills my soul with admiration "and praise. My very infirmities have been so "influenced by His spirit, as to become allies and

"helps, for my fearful, timid disposition has led "me at all times to go to the only wise God for "wisdom, and for strength, and I can now say, "'Out of weakness He has made me strong.' My "spiritless, feeble body, has kept me from worldly "society, so that like my master, I have been "despised of men, but I have been given to feel "such a dignity from my union with Jesus as has "made me look with contempt on worldly vanities. "When I consider my present circumstances I can "say, the Lord is faithfulness and truth and love, "and I can bear my testimony, that I never sur- "rendered anything for Christ's sake, but it has "been given me back a hundred, yea a thousand "fold, sometimes in kind, sometimes in degree, "but always in the very best way; and every "prayer offered according to the word of God has "been already answered, or I have the solid, "solemn certainty that it will be. I say solemn, "for I have sometimes so felt the awful certainty "of having the answer to my prayer, that I have "really feared, lest I should request anything "contrary to the will of God."

Oct. 15, 1846. "I was nearly dressed when the "first prayer-bell rung this morning, and therefore "felt nothing like haste or perturbation. The "thought instantly occurred to me, when my last "summons shall be heard, if I am arrayed in the

"wedding garment of salvation, how calm, how "self-possessed, how ready, shall I be to obey the "call. Yes, the readiness will fill me with holy "triumph and humble exultation. My boast and "my glory will not be in myself, but in Him, who, "by His own death, obtained eternal life for me. "I long for that full in-dwelling of the holy spirit, "which excludes self altogether from His temple, "when the Spirit of my Lord dictates, the Spirit "rules, the Spirit supplies, the Spirit reveals, and "causes every power, and faculty and member "promptly to obey. I long for that holy calm, "when the softest whisper of the Spirit is heard. "I long to be so conscious of the Spirit's influence "as to be as much afraid of running before, as of "tarrying behind His sacred inclinations within "me. Blessed Father in Jesus Christ, my strength "and my redeemer, Thou knowest my desires. My "strongest desires are to be inwardly holy, without "spot or wrinkle of self, and unblameable in love. "Thou knowest I fear excitement, but I court a "meek and quiet Spirit, which is Thy Gift, and "is in Thy sight of great price."

About this time, being in a very feeble state of health, and frequently prostrated by violent attacks of pain and spasms, and thinking it not improbable that in one of these attacks she might be suddenly carried off, her thoughts naturally turned to her

only son, and his future welfare, and she wrote the following paper for his father's guidance, in case she should be taken away.

"I wish my son to be educated with a high tone "of gentlemanly feeling, founded on scripture "truth. With a dignity of mind, which shrinks "from everything mean and dishonourable, as well "as from all prying curiosity into the concerns of "other persons."

"With an inviolable regard to truth."

"To put the best construction on doubtful con- "duct, and that without compromise of principle."

"With great reverence for the name and word "of God."

"Never to speak in a haughty or unkind man- "mer to the poor."

"To be very considerate towards servants."

"To regard himself as accountable to the just "and Holy God, for every action."

I need hardly say, advice more excellent, more judicious, and more practical could not have been penned. Well would it be for the world, if there were more parents, who like my now sainted mother, combined deep and rational piety, with sound judgment and discretion.

My mother also wrote out the following paper to be given to me in case of her death, and which, I found in her writing desk after her decease.

"This, my dear William, has been thy mother's "mode of self-examination:

"If anyone has spoken harshly to me, when I "intended nothing but kindness, how did I feel? "Did I take it patiently, only looking to the Lord "for help, or did my spirit rise in reply? Oh "Lord! if Thou hast seen anything like impatience, "forgive the sinner, but destroy the sin, and in its "place let long-suffering, ten thousand fold, abund-"antly abound to Thy glory."

"Have I, this day, been the means of leading "any one into sin? If any wrong sentiments "have been uttered, have I smiled or shown dis-"approbation? If I have been solicited for money, "have I felt a wish to avoid giving; or have I felt "thankfulness to the Lord for being made one of "His almoners?"

"If an evil report has reached me, have I felt a "readiness to receive it, or did I reject it until it "was proved? Have I in any instance returned "good for evil this day?"

"Take, my dear son, thy mother's advice, and "then thou *will have peace all thy days.*"

These were my mother's rules of examination—rules by which, for many years, she was daily in the habit of trying her own heart and conduct. And the result of this daily habit of self-examination was most apparent. I have frequently seen her meet harshness and insult with the most perfect meekness and gentleness; never returning an angry word, but evincing the loving, gentle spirit of her divine Master. If a tale, or evil report respecting any one, was brought to her, she never mentioned it again, or tried to spread the scandal, but sought in a quiet way to ascertain the real facts of the case, so that, if possible, the character of the party affected, might be vindicated. The harm done by a gossiping Christian is incalculable. One whose mind is the common receptable of the scandal of a neighbourhood, and who is continually retailing it out wherever he goes, is a public nuisance, whose presence and whose pestilential breath should be shunned by all who value truth, love, and that charity "which think-"eth no evil."

Her liberality, also, in cases of real distress was unbounded, and her gifts were numerous; yet always given with discretion, and not lavished on unworthy objects. She felt she was only a steward of the wealth, with which God had entrusted her, and she knew that it is required of stewards that they be faithful; and knowing this, after providing

all things needful for her own household, she made it her practice to give largely to the cause of God, and to relieve, as far as she could, the wants of the poor around her. Careful and economical in the management of her house, she was strict in preventing all waste and extravagance, and was thus enabled to give far more largely to the poor than she could otherwise have done.

At the same time her gifts to different charitable objects, were given in so quiet and unostentatious a manner, that even her nearest relations were quite unaware of their extent. Their number and amount was never even suspected till after her death; when in looking over her private memorandum books, we were perfectly amazed at the sums she had been in the habit of giving away, and the wise discrimination she had exercised in the selection of the objects to which she had given them. Her favourite Society was the London City Mission, in the operations of which she took a deep interest, and respecting which, she used often to say, "there "is nothing like the City Mission." She was also in the habit of looking at the newspapers, to see if any cases of special distress were mentioned there, and if she found any, she almost invariably sent some suitable relief to the parties named.

On the first pages of her housekeeping and

account books, she was in the habit of writing some appropriate passages, and would frequently quote them, when she had occasion to reprove her servants. I have now one of these books before me, in which these texts are written, "She looketh "well to the ways of her household, and eateth "not the bread of idleness." And also, "Gather "up the fragments that nothing be lost." So thoroughly did she follow the maxims of scripture even in the ordinary duties of the day.

But though she looked well after her household, when permitted to do so by the state of her health, and took care that all her servants did their work in an efficient manner, she always avoided anything like harshness or severity. Frequently would she reason with a careless servant, in the kindest manner, and I have often known her affected to tears, when she has been obliged to part with one. It was also her practice to take her female servants up, now and then, to her bedroom, to instruct them in the way of religion, and to pray with them for the salvation of their souls. It would be a happy thing if this practice was more general in Christian families. If Christian masters and mistresses were in the habit of speaking, in a kind and loving manner, to their careless and ungodly servants about their souls, and of praying with them, instead of continually finding fault and

blaming them, they would be better served, and they would thus recommend religion to those who serve them.

In the year 1847, my grandmother, Mrs. Shepherd died, and my mother felt her death most acutely. The following refers to it:

"My dear and revered mother was summoned "to enter into the joy of her Lord, on Sunday morning, the 17th of October, 1847, in the 83rd year of her age.

"My beloved mother retained all her mental "powers to the last. At midnight on Thursday, "the 14th, she was seized with acute pain across "her stomach, and from the first moment the "medical attendants pronounced her case hopeless. "Throughout Thursday and Friday, my dear mo- "ther's mind was kept in perfect peace, trusting "in the Lord. On Saturday morning, with a "joyous voice, she exclaimed, Jesus! Jesus! Jesus "is come! and from that moment to her departure, "her joy in Christ was great, frequently amounting "to ecstacy. She would continually lift up and wave "her right hand above her head, in token that "Jesus was precious, (a sign agreed upon, if she "became too feeble to speak). My dear mother "said about three hours before her decease, 'Maria, "Mary, I hear your Father's voice from Heaven

"saying, 'blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord;'
"and then in a voice of delighted astonishment,
"with her eyes raised upward, and her face beam-
"ing with indescribable beauty, she said, 'Why,
"your father's just like his Lord.' She spoke much
"of the preciousness of Jesus, of *His* being all in
"all to her, both in Heaven and earth. My beloved
"mother's last words were, 'the precious merits
"of Christ.'"

The next extract is taken from a letter to my father, dated March 26, 1848.

"I long for, and am waiting for every feeling,
"thought, and word, to be love, universal, active,
"passive love, for we are called to forbearance, as
"well as action. Oh! the blessedness of living
"upon Christ. If I look into self, it is to loathe
"and abhor myself, and to drag out, by confession,
"the evils of my nature. This done, I fly to Christ
"as a sure pavilion, and feel secure in His love.
"I go direct to Jesus. I am a sinner, He is my
"Saviour. I wait for nothing; His life meets my
"death; His riches my poverty; His fulness my
"emptiness; His holiness my sinfulness."

In her diary for the 27th of April, 1848, the following is written:

"There is nothing I desire in comparison of
"Jesus; health, life, husband, son, are all subord-

"inate to Thee. O Jesus, my chief good, but I "covet Thee for my beloved husband and child, "as for myself, for we three are one in heart and "soul. Oh! the tremendous importance of eternity! "Lord, awaken me more and more to its vast "realities. My soul is athirst for God, yea for the "living God. When wilt Thou fill me with Thy "love? I bless Thee for drawing me nearer to "Thyself, though it is by severe wasting affliction. "Only give me Thyself, and do as it pleases Thee "with my body; only answer my Saviours' prayer, "in me and mine, and I ask no more; 'Sanctify "them through Thy truth, Thy word is Truth,' "only answer this promise, 'I will give my spirit "to them who ask it.'"

What a sublime and noble prayer: "Only give "me Thyself, and do as it pleases Thee with "my body." How few could utter words like these in sincerity, and from the heart. With the vast majority, the body and its wants are the chief concern; the soul, which must live for ever, is but little thought of. What they may eat, what they may drink, what scenes of amusement they may visit, what raiment they may wear, are the all-important questions which occupy the minds of many, the solemn trifles which they debate, and discuss and ponder over, with an earnestness so intense as to be almost ludicrous. But what of

their souls? Have they any? Their conduct would seem to show, they doubt the fact. Strange delusion. The body which must soon be put off, like a worn and tattered garment, the object of constant care and unceasing attention. The soul, which can never die, which has an existence before it, which can never end, unthought of, uncared for, unattended to.

Contrast conduct like this, often, alas, seen amongst professing Christians, with the view my mother had of the relative importance of the two. "Only give me Thyself," was her prayer. Christ was all her desire: the one great object for which she lived. To serve Him, to possess Him as her Saviour, to rest on His all sufficient atonement, was the great aim of her life. Compared with Jesus, and the great salvation, He died to obtain, everything else seemed but as dust in the balance, and like the Apostle of old, she was able to exclaim, "I count all things but loss for the excel-"lency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." Few knew, by the sad experience of long, wasting years of pain and sickness, what suffering was, as well as she did, yet still she could say, "only give "me Thyself," and "*then* do as it pleases Thee "with my body. "Welcome pain, welcome suffering, welcome sorrow, welcome the loss of all earthly things I count most dear; yea, welcome even that last agony which men call death. So that Christ is

mine, I care not what may happen, for if He is with me, the pain, the sorrow, the suffering, the toil will soon be over; this mortal will put on immortality, and my spirit freed from suffering and pain, will ever worship Thee before Thy throne.

In the autumn of this year, my mother was seized with violent inflammation of the eyes, and for some weeks was obliged to remain in a darkened room. The inflammatory attack was at length subdued, but the weakness it left was so great, that for ten years she was scarcely ever able to read for more than a few minutes at a time, and then only very large print. This she felt a great privation, as she had always been accustomed to spend much time in reading, but still she bore it with perfect resignation, only rejoicing the more in the comforts and mercies she still possessed.

The following was written by my mother, just after a most severe seizure of a spasmodic nature. I was with her at the time, and for hours her sufferings were terrible to witness, yet though her agony of body was intense, her mind was kept calm and staid upon Jesus.

Feb. 4, 1849. "The Lord has come to me in "the whirlwind and the storm of terrible (cramp), "but with such light and conviction of the faith- "fulness, truth, and love of my covenant keeping "God in Christ Jesus, that in the most severe

"paroxysm, He caused me to feel that in very
"faithfulness He had afflicted me, and to bless and
"praise Him for it. I saw and felt it was sent in
"love to draw me nearer to Himself. Lord I am
"Thine, save me. I am Thine, and Thou art mine,
"for ever and ever."

On the 11th of the same month, my mother again writes:—"Filled with the lovingkindness of "the Lord. He causes my peace to flow as a river. "His consolation outweighs my affliction. He is "ever present with me, and I bless His holy name. "The Lord told me at the first, it was to draw me "nearer to Himself, and this blessed drawing, "effected by the Lord's nearness to me, in so "sensible a manner, as to melt and subdue me "into acquiesence and love. The Lord seems to "have claimed me wholly for His own. I feel "complete in Him, in whom dwelleth the fulness "(dare I write it) of the Godhead.

Soon after this my mother had a most dangerous attack of bronchitis. For several days her life was despaired of, and she was reduced to a state of great prostration. At length, contrary to the expectation of the medical men who were attending her, she began slowly to improve, though it was some weeks before she entirely recovered. This was the first time she had suffered from this harassing and

dangerous complaint, but, ever afterwards, she was very subject to it, and during the last twenty years of her life had many attacks, some of them being of long duration and very severe.

This year, my mother ceased to meet in class. The cause of this was known only to few. It is needless to state it. It is sufficient for me to say, that, although no longer a Wesleyan, she still continued, while she remained at Cheetham-Hill, a regular attendant, as often as the state of her health permitted, at the Wesleyan Chapel, and still preserved, unbroken, the warm friendship with many ministers of the Wesleyan body.

In very few cases can meeting in class be given up, without serious spiritual injury. A desire to cease from attending that means of grace, is, in the vast majority of cases, a sure sign of the decay of spiritual life in the soul. It is indeed almost invariably the certain forerunner of spiritual death. When a Wesleyan ceases to enjoy fellowship with his brethren, when the class meeting becomes distasteful, and is given up, other means of grace will also, almost invariably soon after be neglected. The man ceases to be a Christian, except in name; he becomes more and more conformed to the world, till at length, altogether engrossed by its business, its pleasures, its amusements, and its follies, the once living, active,

zealous, spiritually minded, earnest Christian, becomes careless, worldly, dead to all spiritual things, dry, barren, and withered, one of whom it may truly be said, "The last state of that man is worse "than the first." This has been the sad fate of thousands, who once ran well. They grow cold and indifferent about meeting in fellowship with their brethren; finally they give up altogether. "The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of "riches, choked the word, and they became un-"fruitful."

My mother's case was altogether a different one. She valued class-meetings, and did not cease to be a member because of any growing lukewarmness, or indifference respecting spiritual matters. The cause was something totally different; one of those exceptional circumstances which rarely happen, and from which, therefore, no general conclusion can be drawn.

In the year 1850, my father and mother left Cheetham-Hill, where they had lived since the year 1834, and came to live in Staffordshire, at a place called Woodhead Hall, situated in the midst of a most lovely and well-wooded country. This estate my father had purchased ten years previously, since which time we had been in the habit of coming and spending three or four months each

year at it. The change from Cheetham-Hill, where my mother had so long resided, and where she had many Christian friends, to whom she was warmly attached, and in whose society she had been accustomed to spend many happy hours, to her new residence, where opportunities of intercourse and friendship, with those likeminded with herself, were more rare, was at first somewhat a trial. By degrees, however, she became reconciled to the change. Placed, as she now was, quite in the country, in a most beautiful and romantic neighbourhood, where nature appeared in her loveliest aspect, she never grew weary of admiring the wonderful works of God in creation. Trees, flowers, shrubs, birds, and even insects, were all to her so many means of grace, so many manifestations of the power, and glory, and majesty of the Almighty. The beauty of the creature led her to worship the great Creator, by whom and for whose glory all things were created, and she never seemed to weary of gazing on the varied forms of life by which she was surrounded.

The change also from the damp and foggy atmosphere of the neighbourhood of Manchester, to the pure, dry, and bracing air of North Staffordshire, proved most beneficial to her health, for though she never became strong, or free from pain in her spine, her health was materially improved, and there is little doubt the change, under the

blessing of God, was the means of prolonging her life to the good old age she ultimately attained.

At this time the Rev. R. Wanstall was Curate of Kingsley, a village about a mile and a half from my mother's new home. My father and mother greatly esteemed this excellent and blameless man, and as his preaching was thoroughly evangelical, they decided to settle down under his ministry. and became regular attendants at Kingsley Church. They also became his warm friends, and strove to assist him in the various charitable objects he set on foot in his parish, and in every way endeavourd to show how much they valued, and how highly they esteemed him.

In the beginning of this year, I went to College, and during the three years I resided at Oxford, my mother was daily in the habit of writing to me, a plan other mothers might imitate with happy results.

From these letters I make the following extracts, having fortunately preserved many of her letters.

May 17, 1850. "Thy dear mother is this day "sixty years old, and in better health than I have "been for twenty years, for which I bless and "praise the Lord. Let the salvation of your soul "be precious in your sight. It cost the life of your

"Redeemer; barter it not for the trifles of this "world. Life, death, and eternity, are solemn "words, if they do not lead to salvation and "Heaven. God has given us every blessing in "Jesus, and our part is to receive and use all to "His glory."

The advice in the next letter is admirable.

May, 1850. "May His divine power keep you in "safety by night and by day, and make you a par- "taker of His great salvation, but in order to this, "you must use the grace the Lord gives you from "day to day. He gives you a desire to pray; this "is grace. He convinces you that he is able to "save or to destroy; this is grace, and should lead "you to depend upon God for every blessing, and "to pray to Him at all times, and in all places, "and under all circumstances. Never go out of your "rooms without putting yourself under the Lord's "care; never go into them without the same act "of faith and dependence. Be very kind, and very "considerate, and very feeling to all; but by divine "grace, be firm as a rock in Bible principles of "integrity, morality, and order. Ever remember, "Jesus, your life, is strong to deliver, to protect, "to defend. If God is for you, who can be against "you? only keep in the divine favour and all "will be well."

June 9, 1851. "Every returning day brings "returning duties, and none greater that the "obligation the Lord has laid me under in His "word, to train you for eternity. You are a "sinner, Jesus is a Saviour. Rest not without "His pardoning love. He will then be with you "in every time of need; in study, to assist you; "in lecture, to tranquilise and help you; in your "recreations, to increase your enjoyment, and to "keep you in safety; in society, to give you favor, "and to save you from the strife of tongues. "Everywhere He will be with you, if you live to "Him, according to His word. I cannot tell you "the happiness I feel in Jesus. I hope you will "know it by rich experience, ten thousand fold."

June 5, 1851. "The weather here is stormy. "The clouds drop fatness, and everything, in "vegetation, is rich and full of beauty. The Lord "makes known to us, in creation, that His nature "is all love. He has given us all things to gratify "every sense, so that the eye may gaze without "satiety, and the ear be regaled without monotony, "with varied melody. We should learn from this "to diffuse as much happiness and comfort "amongst our fellow creatures as we can, and to "endeavour, as much as possible, to lessen human "misery. This is fulfilling the will of God. "Christianity is a practical principle. Its poss-

" essor loses all his guilt in the great atonement,
" and from God in Christ receives strength and
" love according to the divine word. Ever remem-
" ber that our strength is all from above, and that
" we are really, what we are relatively."

June, 1852. " I cannot tell you the blessedness
" I feel (poor unworthy I,) in the Lord Jesus.
" Sometimes I feel as if I was only just beginning
" to live ; such faith, such love, such inbreaks of
" the care and goodness of the Lord, as humbles
" and gladdens my whole soul and body."

The following December, my mother met with a severe accident at the Tutbury station, on the North Staffordshire Railway. We were coming by the last train from Burton, and had to change carriages, in order to go on to Froghall. The station was very badly lighted, and in going from one train to another, she stepped off the platform, and fell with considerable violence on the rails, injuring her right shoulder most severely, and lacerating and bruising the muscles and tendons of the arm. With great difficulty she managed to travel home the same evening, but for many weeks she suffered most acutely, and though at length she again recovered the use of her arm in a great degree, it was many months before the pain and stiffness altogether left it.

As soon, however, as she was able, she again commenced her daily practice of writing to me. The following are extracts from her letters:

1853. (No other date.) "Oh, strive with me in "faith and prayer for the hope of the gospel. "'Count all things but loss for the knowledge of "Christ Jesus.' Time is short, delay no longer. "Wrestle in Christ by the spirit in mighty prayer, "until you know that God, for Christ's sake, has "blotted out your sins, and until the spirit bears "witness with your spirit, that you are a child of "God, then will peace and joy flow into your soul "as a constant stream."

A noble letter, containing, in a few words, the soundest and most important advice a Christian mother could give her son. Well would it be if all Christian parents were equally earnest and equally faithful with their children.

October 28, 1853. "Pray to God in the "name of Jesus for a real change of heart, for "the promised gift of the holy spirit. Delay "not, procrastination has slain more souls than "gross outward sin; neither be a cold evangelical "Pharisee. Seek the quickening, animating, soul "stirring principle of the love of God, and of the "grace of Jesus. Be a Christian indeed. This "will alone avail you, when all earthly honours

"and distinctions cease. I should give you no "proof of love, if I did not urge you to flee from "the wrath to come. All other things are as the "down of a thistle, blown away in a moment, "but the hope of the Christian stands firm in "death, and at the day of judgment."

The following letter is striking, impressive, and faithful:

1853. (No other date.) "Be in earnest. Your "soul must live for ever. Barter it not for a little "short-lived sensual or worldly pleasure. Time is "short, eternity without an end. Live to God. "Live to benefit mankind. Live in the path "providence calls you to walk in. Life supposes "energy and activity. Let these powers be used "to the glory of God. It was a wise saying of "Dr. Young, 'Every man builds his own stature.' "Let the base of yours be deep humility, and let "its elevation be reared with true dignity and that "real greatness which results from true Christian "principle, the allies of which, are moral conduct "and moral thoughtfulness. Oh, if young people "would only cultivate consideration, by the grace "of God much evil would be nipped in the bud, "and never allowed to ripen. Diligently cultivate "self-government, moral courage, and self-examin-"ation. Seek the light of the holy spirit to show

" you what you are, and where your strength lies,
" and do not, for a moment's gratification, forfeit
" your moral reputation, or make friendship with
" the profane, the vicious, or the impure."

1853. (No other date.) " I do all I can to make
" you comfortable in this world, but I cannot save
" your soul. This is the work of God, and Jesus
" is willing and waiting to save you. Do not give
" up Jesus for the momentary trifles of the passing
" hour. Pray to God to give you a desire to pray,
" ask for the power to pray, for the drawings of the
" holy spirit, to incline your heart to seek His
" grace and love ; and be assured God is a great deal
" more willing to give than you are to receive.
" Let not Satan hinder you in this blessed work.
" Procrastination is one of his great weapons, with
" which he deludes poor souls, until they awake
" in eternal perdition. Reflect on an eternal state.
" Sooner or later that state must be yours, but
" Jesus stands between you and eternity ; receive
" Him and you are safe for ever."

In November, 1853. After passing my final examination in the Classical school, I received the following letter from my mother. It is in every respect a most remarkable one.

" Now you have done with Greek and Latin,
" you will have leisure to study the language of

" facts. In Oxford you will have continual oppor-
" tunities of doing this, and you will soon find it
" is not passive impressions that form the character,
" but voluntary actions; also that, that self-sufficient
" pride which leads us to regard ourselves as above
" the errors and follies of human nature, invariably
" marks the weakest character. In a sinful man you
" will notice this fact, that habit is ever strengthened
" by a repetition of sin, till at length it advances
" to the moral certainty of a helpless surrender to
" the tyranny of those evil passions, which the
" man can no longer resist; and he is not aware
" of this moral impotency, but benumbed by it.
" Temptation generally comes at first with an
" almost imperceptible influence, but if not resisted
" in its progress, the unhappy victim becomes
" wholly under the power of moral evil. Whilst
" the fact that those who, by divine grace, daily
" examine their conduct by Scripture precepts,
" asking the aid of the holy spirit, so advance in
" knowledge and self-government, as to be able to
" detect temptation in its commencement, and to
" resist its progress. The fact that there is a
" perpetual call on man's sense of right and wrong,
" arising from the variety of his social and family
" relations, should teach him the necessity of
" praying for wisdom, and a good judgment in all
" things. And then the important fact of the
" immortality of the soul, should lead man to seek

" above all things, the knowledge of Christ for the " remission of his sins, and the in-dwelling of the " holy spirit, for the sanctification of his nature."

The following are extracts from letters I received from my mother, in the years 1854 and 1855.

1854. (No other date.) " The soul has appetites " and faculties as well as the body; it cannot thrive " unless it feeds upon Christ the bread of life. Is " your spiritual appetite good? Do your desires " after Jesus increase, and do you live every day " for eternity."

The next extract is singularly beautiful.

1854. (No other date.) " We are both well, the " weather very wet, the waters out, the roads " dirty, the horses masterful, the trees leafless, the " prospect open, whilst the stately yews in front, " (alluding to two fine yew trees, which stood in " front of the house,) stand emblematic of the true " Christian, fruitful under all circumstances and " all seasons; their leaf withering not, but green " and flourishing. So the Christian, the sun of " prosperity neither dazzles his eye, nor impedes " his progress; the storms of adversity shake not " his steadfastness, for he stands deep rooted in " the faith and hope of the gospel of Jesus. Medi- " tate on the present and future advantage the

"true Christian has over the worldling, peace, "power, love, with every other grace of the holy "spirit, whilst the wicked are as the troubled sea, "'casting up, continually, mire and dirt.'"

May 1855. An extract from a letter I received whilst in London.

"I see no one but our own family, and hear no "voice but that which 'day uttereth unto day, and "night unto night.' What a contrast to the buz "of the great city you are in. What a lesson you "must learn from seeing such an incessant, over-"whelming crowd, and all possessing immortal "souls, all moving onwards to the goal, to the "great assize. Oh, may you so move onwards, with "your eye so fixed on Jesus, that you lose not the "reward."

May 5, 1855. "Look to Jesus in the midst of "London gaity and bustle. Pray for grace and "the holy spirit to keep you from evil. We pray "much for you, still considering that religion is "personal, and cannot be done by proxy. 'Seek "first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, "and all other things will be added thereto.'"

The following are extracts from letters written by my mother to her valued and esteemed friend, Miss Fildes, with whom she had been very inti-

mate, during the latter period of her residence at Cheetham-Hill, and with whom she kept up a regular correspondence, during the last twenty years of her life.

July 22, 1855. "I pray much for poverty of "spirit, and I expect to become that little child to "whom the Lord reveals what He so justly hides "from the wise and prudent. I see more clearly "the necessity of becoming thus nothing, that "Christ may be all in all. This is the salvation "I so earnestly covet, and I dare not doubt, since "I feel assured that He who mercifully gave the "desire will answer it abundantly to the joy of "my soul. Oh, the beauty and glory of the gospel; "yet I often seem to shrink from its fulness, just "as the eye closes when it gazes on the brightness "of the sun."

June 6, 1856. "A few days ago I was favoured "with such views of the beauties of holiness, the "promised land, as have left a restless desire for "the destruction of all sin, and for that commu- "nion I then saw to be the blessed privilege of "those who walk continually in the light of the "Lord's countenance, and in whom the spirit is as "a 'well of water springing up to everlasting "life.'"

In December, 1858, we went to Birmingham, to spend a week with an old friend of my mother's, and while there my mother seized the opportunity of consulting Dr. Middlemore, an eminent oculist, who lived in that town. After examining her eyes, he prescribed for them, and so efficacious did the application he recommended prove, that in the course of a few months, my mother's eyesight became almost as strong as it had been before the severe attack of inflammation she had suffered from ten years before, and down to the very last week of her life, continued so vigorous that she was able to read moderately sized print, with ease and comfort. This wonderful recovery of sight, after being almost unable to look at a book for so many years, was an unspeakable comfort to her, as she was now able to spend several hours every day in reading, an occupation of which she had always been extremely fond. Still the Bible was her favourite book, and she seemed never to tire of perusing its pages, and pondering over its blessed truths. I have now in my possession three large Testaments almost completely worn out with constant use, and containing numberless marks made against different passages, to which her attention had been specially directed. Though her eyesight was thus wonderfully restored, and her general health much improved, the pain in her back, consequent on the spinal affection she had suffered from for so many years, still continued,

and even the slight exertion of walking upstairs, or a few yards in the garden, would cause the most intense pain, which would continue for some hours. Indeed she has often remarked to me; "William, I always feel so thankful when I have "so little pain, that I can bear it without calling "out." Yet though suffering constant pain, and frequently pain of the most acute kind, her cheerfulness was so great that strangers, and indeed friends, who came to see her, used to think her quite well, as she never complained or murmured, or indeed alluded to her sufferings to any one except my father or myself; and if either of us happened to be ill, she would insist on nursing us in the most assiduous manner, though, perhaps, enduring at the same time great agony herself. Self-sacrifice in her was habitual, and she cared little how much she suffered, if she could only attend to others, and minister to their health and comfort. Occasionally, when able, she would also go in her little pony phaeton, in which, during summer, she regularly drove out two or three hours a day, and call on any poor persons who were ill, and relieve their wants, and speak to them about their souls, and pray with them. In winter she was unable to do this, but still took a drive every day, when able, in a close carriage.

Almost, invariably, in these drives she was accustomed to take with her a number of tracts,

which she used to give away as opportunity served, rarely passing persons on the road, without offering one to them. I may here also mention a striking instance of her humility of heart. Many times has she said to me with tears of gratitude in her eyes, when riding out in her carriage, "William, nothing humbles me so much as riding "in a carriage. I think, who am I that the Lord "should give me such mercies."

In the early part of the year 1859, my mother and I went to Torquay, intending to spend two or three months there. After being there about three weeks, however, she was obliged to return home in consequence of the illness of my father. During the short time she spent in that most beautiful place, she enjoyed better health than she had done for years, a blessing for which she felt devoutly thankful.

In September, 1859, my mother commenced the practice of giving an annual treat at Woodhead to the children and teachers of the different Sunday Schools in Cheadle. This she used to enjoy extremely, and often used to speak of the great pleasure and delight it afforded her to see so many hundreds of young people enjoying themselves. Well do I remember her saying to me with deep feeling on several occasions; "there's nothing "I enjoy so much as this school treat. It gives

" such pleasure to so many, who have no fields of " their own to walk or play in."

The following year my mother, together with my father and myself, again visited Torquay, and spent a couple of months there, but this time the improvement in her health was not so marked as it had been on the previous occasion. We staid at a lodging and boarding house, where there was a large and fashionable party, several of whom were invalids, either suffering from or threatened with consumption. My mother seized every opportunity of affectionately speaking to them about Jesus and Heaven, and endeavoured to lead them to think seriously of that eternity, to which they were evidently fast hastening. In the public drawing room, also, before the rest of the company, the majority of whom were careless and thoroughly worldly persons, she was never ashamed of her religion, and boldly confessed Christ, though sometimes ridiculed and thought fanatical for doing so. How few Christians dare to act in a similar manner. In the world and worldly company, they seem ashamed of their Christianity, and never venture even to allude to the subject. Earnestness is styled fanaticism; zeal for God is deemed out of place, and mere enthusiasm. Sometimes indeed the best friends of a Christian man, of a man who is a member of a Christian church, may know him

for years, may meet him daily, and may never find out the fact; so silent, so reticent, so dumb he is on the all important subjects of the soul, of salvation, of immortality, and of heaven; so timid, and fearful of confessing himself a servant of God, and a follower of the Lord Jesus. Want of earnestness is now, as it has been for centuries, the great evil that has kept the Church of Christ from putting forth her glorious strength, and has hindered individual Christians from striving with all their might for the good of their children, their friends, their neighbours, their countrymen, and the world at large. Want of earnestness has crippled and paralized the Church of Christ; it is at the present day crippling and paralizing countless thousands of professing Christians, with its benumbing and blighting influence, making them dead and useless members of Christ's church, instead of living, active, energetic, servants of God; brave and valiant soldiers for the truth. If the members of Christ's church, if Christian men were, everywhere, only in earnest; downright in earnest, terribly in earnest; the world could not stand against them. The idolatry of Heathen countries would soon give way before the vastly increased efforts of the church to preach Jesus to the world; the vices and glaring sins which now disgrace the Christianity of professedly Christian nations, would speedily receive a deadly blow, and like a

mighty wave, the religion of Christ, real, earnest, vital Christianity would spread over the world, and like "a sea of glory," flow on "from pole to "pole."

Is it too much to expect such may be the case? Is it a mere dream or delusion to expect the day will ever come, when Christians will be in earnest for souls, in earnest for Heaven, in earnest for God? Will the time never come when an earnest, genuine, fearless Christian will cease to be deemed by his brethren, an enthusiast, a fanatic, a religious madman? The church of Christ has need of such men. They are a necessity to her being and progress, men who dare to be on the Lord's side, men who are bold to confess Christ before the world, men who are always in earnest to do good to their fellow men, men in whose hearts religion is an active, living principle, ever manifesting itself in a holy, blameless life, ever showing its vitality in constant warfare against the wickedness of the world, and in unceasing efforts to win souls for Christ.

With my mother religion was an earnest reality. Firmly persuaded in her own mind of its solemn truths, she ever sought, both by example and precept, to lead others to Christ, and to induce them to think of the solemn concerns of their deathless

souls. Sometimes she was ridiculed, and sometimes scornfully treated; but for this she cared little, esteeming the applause and good opinion of the world of little value, so that she might boldly confess Christ before men, and lead sinners to the cross.

In the autumn of the same year, we went to Scarborough, where we staid about six weeks. There my mother caught a severe cold, which brought on an attack of bronchitis. After her return home, however, she soon recovered. About this time she began to suffer extremely from cramp in the feet and ancles, which used to come on almost every night, soon after she retired to rest, and which frequently compelled her, by the violence of the pain, to get out of bed several times during the night, and walk about the room, till she could get relief. All kinds of remedies were tried for this distressing affliction, but scarcely anything seemed to give permanent relief. It continued, more or less, till within a few weeks of her death, ten years afterwards, and was the cause of great suffering, and many sleepless nights.

Still it was borne patiently and without a murmur; rarely indeed did she allude to the agony she underwent, and it was often only from seeing the exhaustion produced by a night of severe pain, that we found out how much she had been suffering.

About this time my mother ceased to attend Kingsley Church, and began to go when able to church at Cheadle. This however, especially during the last few years of her life, she was rarely able to do, as the walk from the gates of the church yard, where she was obliged to get out of her carriage, to the church, was too much for her. When unable to go to church, she generally attended the Independent chapel, at Cheadle, where she was accustomed to listen, with great pleasure, to the preaching of the Rev. J. Mills, who was for some years its pastor; and whose sermons, full of thought, rich in gospel truth, and thoroughly orthodox, afforded her much delight. Still she greatly regretted being unable to attend the services of the church, as she had always a strong preference for the church prayers. No doubt early associations had much to do with this, as well as the intrinsic beauty of the prayers themselves, of which she would frequently observe, "I do so enjoy the "church prayers; there are petitions there suited to "all my wants," and I have often heard her say, speaking in reference to her inability to go to church, "How I should like to live next door to "a church, so that I could go to it every time the "bell rung." After the Rev. J. Mills left the town, my mother, when able to get out, generally attended the Wesleyan chapel, at Cheadle.

In the spring of 1864, I announced my intention of standing for the borough of Newcastle-under-Lyme, at the next general election. In this my mother took the deepest interest, and made it a subject of earnest prayer, that if it was the Lord's will, I might be successful. From the first she never doubted the result, but always urged me to persevere, and frequently, when the prospect of ultimate success seemed almost hopeless, I was cheered and encouraged to go on by her advice; and in every way in which she was able, she assisted and aided me. In the autumn of the same year, we all went to Brighton, for a few weeks, and whilst there, my mother was seized with a most severe attack of bronchitis. For weeks she was in great danger, and at one time it seemed very unlikely she would recover. Becoming, however, a little better, we returned home, and in a short time her cough entirely left her, though, during the whole of the following winter, she was obliged to exercise more than usual care, in order to prevent a recurrence of the attack.

In July, 1865, the general election took place, and my mother went with me to Newcastle-under-Lyme, to see the nomination, and witness the election. This she enjoyed extremely, taking a deep interest in the whole proceedings. Still the chief desire of her heart was to do good, and well

do I remember, as one evening she was sitting in the window of the Hotel, watching a large crowd of people who were standing in the street below, just about to disperse, after hearing me speak she said to me, "Oh, William, I thought how I "should like to tell all these people about the "gospel."

A noble thought, proceeding from a heart, whose first desire was the salvation of souls. Looking beyond the present, to the unseen future, she remembered the solemn fact, that each of the vast multitude she was gazing on, had an immortal soul, a deathless spirit which could never die, never be extinguished, but which must spend an endless hereafter of happiness or woe. This solemn thought, in all its tremendous importance, flashing before her mind, led her to forget the passing hour, with its noise and its bustle, and its tumult, and to think of the future destiny of the thousands who stood before her, and in the view of it, to desire, above all things, to tell them of Christ and His great salvation.

In the month of December, my mother met with a severe and painful accident, which, at her advanced age, might have proved fatal. One evening, just after she had had supper, in getting up to go to the fire, her foot caught in the hearth

rug, and she fell heavily on the fender, fracturing her right shoulder blade. Our Surgeon, Mr. Sutton, of Cheadle, who had attended her ever since we first came into Staffordshire, and of whose constant kindness and great professional skill she had had many proofs, was immediately sent for. On his arrival, she was at once carried upstairs, and the bone was set. Providentially, no bad symptoms supervened, but she was confined to her bedroom for several weeks, a trial to which she submitted with her usual cheerful and uncomplaining patience. The broken bone at length thoroughly reunited, and no permanent injury resulted from the accident; indeed, it is not unlikely the perfect quiet and total rest she was obliged to take, for about three months, was really beneficial to her general health.

In February, 1866, I went up to London to take my seat in the House of Commons, and during the whole of the Session, my mother was in the habit of writing to me every day, a practice which she regularly kept up, whenever I was from home, down to the last fortnight of her life. An excellent practice, which mothers, who have time and opportunity, would do well to follow. I need hardly say how much I used to value these letters, always full, as they were, of sound advice, and affectionate care and anxiety for my good. Al-

though now in her seventy-sixth year, her handwriting was excellent, not in the least degree tremulous or unsteady, but clear, legible, firm, and distinct.

In May, my father and mother went up to London, and took lodgings in Regent-street. After they had been there a few days, my mother had another severe accident. She fell down a flight of stairs, and very seriously injured her left shoulder. An eminent Surgeon was at once called in, and pronounced the injury to be severe and dangerous. She was carried to bed, suffering great pain, and hardly expecting to rise from it again. Wonderful, however, to say, her recovery was rapid. In a few days she was able to leave her bed, and in the course of a fortnight, was able to take a drive out in a friend's carriage.

As soon as she was able to go out again, I went down to Staffordshire, for a few days, on business, and while there, daily received a letter from her, from which the following are extracts:

May 23, 1866. "I have been out two hours in "the park this morning. Oh, the vanity of London "life; my soul aspires continually to that life "which is hid with Christ in God; may this life "be mine. May it be yours."

May 24. "I often tremble at the vast import-
"ance, the awful reality of eternity, and the vast
"requirements of the gospel. Nothing less than
"being born again will do; then the change is
"evident, by the whole man seeing by the light of
"the holy spirit, whatever is the will of God, and
"endeavouring to do it continually in love."

May 25, 1866. "Make the Lord your all in all.
"All other distinctions, though so much desired,
"are as the down of the thistle, blown away in a
"moment, but Christ is a rock, on which you may
"stand amidst all the varieties of this life, and be
"safe."

On my return to London, I found my mother so much better as to contemplate returning home in a few days, which she accordingly did, bearing the journey without much pain or inconvenience, though she had to be carried from the cab, which took her to the station, to the railway carriage in a chair.

In the autumn of 1866, we went for a month to Llandudno. This was my mother's last journey. After her return to Woodhead, she never again left it for a night, except in the month of November, 1868, when she spent one night at Newcastle, at the election. Being now in her seventy-seventh year, she found travelling too fatiguing, and clung more and more to home and home comforts.

In the early part of 1867, my father had a long and dangerous illness, and for more than six weeks was confined to his room. Notwithstanding my mother's great age, and extreme feebleness, she nursed him during the whole of it, with unwearied care and assiduity, scarcely getting a good night's rest for more than two months, and being obliged almost constantly to get up several times each night to attend to him. This naturally reduced her to a state of extreme weakness and debility.

During the time I was in London, in 1867, I received a letter as usual, every day, from my mother, from which the following are extracts:

February 7, 1867. "My dear boy, this is a time "of probation. Oh! live for eternity. Be a new "creature in Christ, by the power of the Holy "Ghost, and the blood of the atonement. All here "is uncertain, and a false step may plunge us into "an abyss of deep sorrow. I often tremble for "myself, lest I should fall short of that holiness, "without which no man can see the Lord. Let "conversion be our first concern; to glorify God, "our single aim."

Feb. 17, 1867. "Amidst all your business in "London, do not omit or forget the great business "of life, the salvation of your soul. Secure this, "and all will be well. Oh! that momentous word,

"eternity, to live for ever, to be for ever with the "Lord God Almighty; to be like our Redeemer, "or, to be wanderers from the presence of God, "from glory, from peace."

Feb. 18, 1867. "I never write without remind- "ing you of your soul's salvation. Oh! take heed "to secure that. Jesus has died that you may "be saved eternally. He invites you to taste and "see how good the Lord is, and how blessed they "who trust in Him. Pour out your heart to Him, "for He is a very present help both in times of "trouble and of joy. He is my all in all. May "He be yours."

May 16, 1867. "If the Lord spares me until "you receive this letter, I shall have attained my "seventy-eighth year, as the anniversary of my "birth is the 17th of May, and I can say with a "grateful heart, 'surely goodness and mercy have "followed me all the days of my life.' Mine "has indeed been a life of great worldly comfort, "but above all, the Lord has blessed me with a "good hope, through Christ Jesus, of being with "Him everlastingly, unworthy as I am of the least "of His mercies. My health too is wonderful for "my age, for which I am truly thankful."

In a letter to her esteemed friend Miss Fildes, dated the 15th of June, 1867, the following passage occurs:

"I have beeen suffering three weeks from a "severe attack of shingles, which has debilitated "me greatly. This too is the effect of over exer- "tion during Mr. Allen's illness, and now I scarcely "feel able to write. I can do nothing in my "weak state, but think of Jesus and His great "salvation, confess my own vileness and nothing- "ness, and endeavour to cast myself, just as I am, "upon the 'Lamb of God who taketh away the "sins of the world.'"

The following letter was written after my mother had been reading an account of some entertainment, to which the Viceroy of Egypt had been taken on the Sunday, during his visit to England.

July 16, 1867. "I grieve to read in the papers, "that the Viceroy sees the Sabbath desecrated, "by those who ought to show him in this Christian "land how it ought to be reverenced. How "merciful and longsuffering is the Lord, to see "His sabbaths dishonoured, His commands broken, "and that to amuse the heathen. I fear for my "country, England! the depôt of the word of God, "sending it out into all lands, and violating it in "our own."

The following beautiful extract is taken from a letter to me dated 17th July, 1867:

"My great endeavour now is, to have union "with Christ, whom I hope to be with eternally. "At the age of seventy-seven, earthly things lose "their hold of my affections, and I pass through "them without anxiety, making earth only a step "to Heaven. Things which used to appear im- "portant, now lose their significance, and I feel "only desirous to do every act as unto the Lord."

In the early part of 1868, my mother had a most severe and dangerous attack of bronchitis, and for more than two months never came down stairs, only going daily from her bedroom to the drawingroom, both of which were fortunately on the same floor. For several weeks her cough was most distressing, and her weakness very great, and though in the spring the cough entirely left her, during the rest of her life she suffered exceedingly from rheumatism in the chest and sides, so that, to use her own expression, she was almost constantly encircled with pain. This rheumatic affection prevented her moving even about the room, except with great pain and difficulty, and it was especially distressing at night, as she was frequently obliged to get out of bed, and endeavour to walk about her bedroom, owing to severe attacks of cramp in her feet and ancles. From this time, she was almost always obliged to use a stick in walking, and even then could only move slowly and with great

care. Still pain, and suffering, and extreme weakness, failed to shake her trust in God, or make her gloomy and desponding. Her cheerfulness continued as great as ever, and though her life was henceforth one continued struggle against pain and weakness, her thankfulness to God for all His mercies only seemed daily to increase.

The following are extracts from letters I received from her during the Session of 1868.

March 25, 1868. "As we sit here, we have a "beautiful prospect to look upon, and everything "to inspire our hearts with praise to the great Giver, "but I hope, right humbly, that we have through "the merits of our Redeemer, the eternal prospect "of glory, honour, and immortality, when these "corruptible bodies shall put on incorruption. "Examine yourself whether you be in the faith. "Make no mistake here."

The next extract is singularly beautiful:

March, 1868. "We have had wind and storm, "rain and sunshine, every variety of atmosphere "and temperature during the day; a picture of "human life, shadow and sunshine, hope and fear, "joy and sorrow; but amidst all these changes, "Jesus, the Son of righteousness, changes not, and "He is our sun, though we do not always see Him "by the eye of sense, yet believing, we rejoice in "His love."

March 31, 1868. "We are still drawing-room "occupants, and have a good opportunity, from the "windows, of observing how all things obey the "will of God, all answer the purpose for which "they were created, all diligent in their appointed "work, and all vocal with praise. Let not us, who "have been redeemed by Jesus, be backward in "the great duty of praise, and most may our praise "be manifest, in telling others, by our example, "there is no real happiness, but in Christ Jesus."

The next is an extract taken from a letter to me, written on my mother's seventy-ninth birth-day:

"This is the Lord's day and I am spared to see "it, having this morning completed my seventy-"eighth year, and I praise the Lord for all His "mercies during my long pilgrimage; all through "Christ Jesus, purchased by His gracious blood, "and twice ratified; first when He exclaimed, 'It "'is finished,' and secondly, on the resurrection "morning; and because He rose, we shall rise also. "O! the greatness of such love. Well may the "glorified spirits fall prostrate before the throne, "whilst we lost in wonder only see as through a "glass, darkly. Let us pray, earnestly praying for "the Holy Spirit to enable us to do His will on "earth, as it is done in heaven; for we read, 'His "'servants serve Him,' and without His spirit, "without the life of Christ in these mortal bodies,

"we can do nothing. Ask and receive, that your "joy may be full."

May 11th, 1868. "How wonderful, no anni- "hilation. Here I am, and must exist for ever. "What manner of person ought I to be in all holy "conversation and godliness."

May 15th, 1868. "We have had a long hot "drive to-day. The weather is very fine, and the "country looks magnificent. Everything teems "with life and beauty. We want hearts commen- "surate in gratitude to the great Giver of all our "mercies. Surely no family was ever so favoured "as ours, and yet our love, our thankfulness so "little. I wonder at such ingratitude. None but "Jesus. Let Him be the life of your soul, the "delight of your heart, and your all in all, and this "must be the result of the indwelling of the Holy "Spirit. Pray much for the divine influence. "The promise is sure; 'I will give my spirit to "them who ask it.'"

May 20th. "Mrs. H. died this morning. What "a change, from time to eternity. May we be "prepared, so that when death comes, we may "have nothing to do, but to enter the joy of our "Lord."

June 24th. "Of what immense usefulness the "life of one Christian may be, when every action

" is done to the glory of God, and the good of his " fellow creatures."

June 25th. " The thought of meeting God " without Christ is terrible, but in Christ we meet " a Father all love. Oh ! get this experience, and " your ' peace will flow like a river,' since nothing " can harm you if you are a follower of the Lord's."

June 30th. " An observation I heard yesterday " forcibly assisted my thoughts, ' Christianity, is " Christ in you.' No inward Christ, no glory, no " heaven. How important to be right on this " point, for this is eternal life, ' to know Thee the " only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou " hast sent.' See to it, that you are right here, " since he who has not the spirit of Christ is none " of His."

In the autumn of this year, another general election took place, and while I was busily engaged in prosecuting my canvass, I received a letter from my mother, from which the following is taken :

Oct. 1868. " What a beautiful day for your " canvass, which I hope has been successful, but " above all, be a candidate for heaven. Have " Jesus with you, and in you, and there is no fear " of your being elected for that kingdom which " is everlasting. None can dispossess you, but you " will reign with Christ for ever and ever."

My mother went over to Newcastle to witness the nomination, and though at the time more than seventy-eight, she took the greatest interest in all the proceedings of the day, and was much delighted at the result of the show of hands.

In the early part of the next year, my mother was again laid up with a severe attack of bronchitis, which obliged her to remain upstairs for some weeks. It was not so bad an attack as the one she had suffered from, during the previous winter, but still it aggravated the rheumatic pains from which she had suffered so severely since the previous attack, and left her in a very feeble and critical state of health. Indeed, from this time to the day of her death, her medical attendant and highly valued friend, Mr. Sutton, came daily to see her, and, under the blessing of God, his great skill and unwearied attention were unquestionably the means of prolonging her life.

During the Session of 1869, I daily received letters from my mother, from which the following are extracts, and of which some are well worthy of special attention, on account of their great beauty of expression and justness of thought.

February 22, 1869. "When I reflect on the "great power of God, and that this world, amidst "countless stars and planets, is but as a single leaf

"amidst the trees of the forest, I wonder and "worship, and feel all things are nothing compared "with the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus. Let "us seek this with all the earnestness of souls "alive to the vast reality and importance of it."

February 22. "I have been amusing myself by "examining objects in the microscope, and have "been wonderfully struck with the works of God, "in the minute objects of creation. It brought "me to my knees in humble worship and devout "prayer, that I might be made fit to behold the "glory of His power by the light of eternity. Oh, "my William, let nothing divert you from the "great end of your existence, that of doing the "will of God, obeying His holy word, believing "and realising His promises, which are all 'yea "and amen' to every believing, faithful soul."

February 28th. "When I think of the great "power of God, His wonders in creation, more in "the minute than the vast, and then His wonders "in redemption, I feel a little of what the Psalmist "did, when he exclaimed, 'What is man that "Thou art mindful of him.'"

March 2, 1869. "Oh, pray much for the holy "spirit to lead you into all truth. Strive to get "rich in faith, and see that you really possess a "good hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ.

" Your Heavenly Father loves you, and desires " your salvation."

The following short extract refers to the death of a young gentleman at Newcastle, with whom my mother had been well acquainted, and of whose piety she had a high opinion.

March 3. " I think of poor McKee. What an " inheritance he has entered upon. Light, life, " holiness, infinity! What amazing knowledge and " sight. To see God, and to know Him even as He " is known. May it be our experience in due time, " through the blood of the Lamb."

March 20. " What a word eternity is, for ever " and ever. May we be found in Christ, be united " in spirit here, then dwell with Him everlastlingly " in glory."

April 24. " We are accountable for every " moment. He who gives us time, opportunities, " and every blessing, will be our judge. Let us " be up and doing, using every talent to the end " designed, the good of mankind, and the glory of " God."

The next is very striking.

June 7, 1869. " How great are the privileges " of the Christian,—' ask and have,'—comfort in " affliction, direction in difficulties, peace of mind

"amidst outward tumult, protection in danger,
"and perfect acquiesence in all the will of God.
"These and blessings more than I can enumerate,
"are given in this life, and then the glories of the
"life to come, which are too great for mortals to
"experience whilst in the body, though sometimes
"the children of God are favoured with a shadowy
"glimpse of unutterable blessings. Be it our
"endeavour whilst in this state of probation, to
"do justly, love mercy, and 'walk humbly with
"God,' through the grace given in Christ Jesus, by
"the power of the spirit."

The following singularly illustrates the habitually happy, cheerful frame of mind in which my mother lived, though written at a time when she was suffering constant pain, and scarcely able to move about the room without assistance.

June 12, 1869. "My heart is all praise. To be
"placed in so lovely a spot by the good providence
"of God, where everything is rich in beauty, and
"abundant in fruitfulness; I wonder and worship.
"God my Creator, Christ my Redeemer, and the
"holy spirit my Sanctifier. Such blessings here,
"and the prospect of such glory hereafter."

The next, written on July 2, 1869, contains an allusion to a sick friend of my mother's, whom she was in the habit of visiting, when able to do so.

"I hope the Lord will show him, that to know "Christ is life eternal. This knowledge, this "experience only can make death desirable. It "takes away the sting, it triumphs over the victory "of the grave."

The following letter was written on the 5th of July, 1869, under very peculiar circumstances. I was anticipating my marriage in a short time, an event my mother was most wishful to see take place. She was, however, taken suddenly and dangerously ill with spasms, and, thinking that her end was at hand, during a short interval of ease, between the paroxysms of pain, she had herself raised up in bed, and supported by pillows, while she wrote, what at the time seemed to be her dying advice, to my intended wife and myself. After entreating us not to delay our wedding on account of her death, she thus concludes her letter:

"Set out in life as children of God, redeemed by "blood, and heirs of the kingdom of God and of "Christ. Be bold in confessing Christ Jesus. See "that you have Him as your 'all in all.' He is „mine; my life in death. Trust in Him at all "times, my dear Son, for in the Lord Jehovah is "everlasting strength. May the Lord bless you "both, and make you very useful in the world. "With much love.

"Your very affectionate mother,

"MARIA ALLEN."

Providentially, my mother's anticipations about her death being at hand were not realized. The attack passed away, and she was again restored to a measure of health.

During this summer she was only able to take two or three short drives in her pony phaeton, though still when able to do so, she regularly drove out in her carriage. Owing, also, to extreme weakness and constant rheumatic pains, she was now very rarely able to go to chapel, a privation she much regretted. She was not, however, left without the solace of Christian friendship. Her friend and neighbour, the Rev. E. Whieldon, was constantly in the habit of visiting her, and his great kindness and Christian counsel were a great comfort to her. Often has she spoken to me of his kind and unremitting attention, especially during the last few months of her life.

The following entry occurs in a small memorandum book, written on the 1st of August, 1869:

"Never did I experience such a Sabbath. My "dear boy was at home, my sister was with us, "when as we four sat together, I was made divinely "conscious of the Most High surrounding us with "His care, and, dare I say it? encamping about us. "Faith clearly discerned the presence and influence "of the Holy one of Israel. It was a Sabbath "never to be forgotten."

The following Thursday, my marriage took place, and whilst my wife and I were taking our wedding journey on the Continent, I received numerous letters from my mother—who still kept up the good old custom of writing to me daily—from which the following are extracts:

"What opportunities you have on your journey "of speaking a word for Christ. Never leave any "Hotel, without leaving the footprints of your "master. Always let it be known that you are "followers of Jesus. Be bold in confessing Him "before men, if you wish to be confessed before "His Father and the holy angels. Your Redeemer "went about doing good. Follow His example. "You have now fine opportunities; make the most "of them, and first endeavour, by fervent prayer "and faith in the Lord Jesus, to get your own "souls richly endued with the holy spirit. My "prayers for you both are often offered at midnight "as well as in the day. May the love of God fill "both your souls, then will you devote your time "and talents to His glory." How few Christians when they travel abroad, follow the excellent advice contained in the preceeding How rarely do they take their religion withthem. How seldom do they leave their mark behind them as they travel along, showing to all that they are followers of Christ; how often do they bring

shame and disgrace on the name of religion by their inconstancy, worldliness, and folly.

The following is very striking and beautiful:

August 28, 1869. "The inability of old age is "very great. I am no longer able to make my "letters interesting, by sprightly sallies of thought. "The mind as well as the body becomes idle and "loves indulgence, and a drowsy kind of indifference "creeps over all we do; therefore, I urge you, dear "young people, whilst you enjoy the morning of "life, to devote yourselves wholly to the Lord, in "cheerfully and actively doing His will, as faithful "stewards of the manifold gifts of God, that when "the evening of life sets in, the self-sacrificing love "you have practiced will have become so habitual, "that even your spontaneous feelings, however "chilled by age, will be, how to act for good to all "mankind."

August 26. "Christianity is not a negative but "a positive reality, a principle of life. Oh, may "your life be hid with Christ in God, then its "outward fruits will appear in every action and "word."

September 7, 1869. "We have had an immense "quantity of rain during the night and this morn- "ing. How everything inspires us with thought,

"for who can number the drops of rain, or the "years of a never ending eternity, unchanging "eternity, of unutterable joy, or indescribable "despair. The first state is a free gift, the last "the wages of sin. Let us accept the free gift."

September 6, 1869. Alluding to a publican in the neighbourhood, who was getting up races in a field near his house, at the time of the Wakes, my mother writes, "Satan's servants are many, "and enter fully into his work, whilst the servants "of the Lord are diffident, and afraid to stand out "in checking sin; yet they who confess Christ "before the world, will be confessed before the "most high, and before His holy angels."

My wife and I returned from the Continent in the early part of October, and went to spend a couple of months with my father and mother, at Woodhead. On our arrival, we were delighted to find them both looking remarkably well. Indeed, I had scarcely ever seen my mother looking better, and no doubt the pleasurable excitement of our visit did her great good. Never shall I forget the kindness and affection she unceasingly lavished upon us, or the untiring efforts she made, efforts which must, in her weak state, have caused her great bodily pain, to make our visit as agreeable and pleasant as she could. Du-

ring the two months we remained with her at Woodhead, she was also able to drive out almost every day, for an hour or two in the carriage, but unfortunately, early in December, she caught cold, which brought on bronchitis, by which she was confined to the house for nearly four months.

We left for Sunderland in the middle of December, and the following are passages taken from letters I received from my mother while there:

Dec. 19, 1869. "I hope you are seeking after "that experimental union with Christ, without "which no one can be saved. 'I will give my "spirit to those who ask it,' and the spirit will "reveal Christ to your soul as your all in all. "Jesus has done all for you, and He will do all "in you."

Dec. 18, 1869. Written at a time when she was confined to her room, by bronchitis.

"Ours is a life of mercy, and should be a life of "thankfulness to the great Giver of all good, and "what a blessing to cast all our care upon Him, "who careth for us. Let us do this habitually, "and then we shall only have to trust and praise, "without anxiety for the morrow, and living in "acquiscence with the divine will to-day."

January 8, 1870. "I think much of the com-
"prehensiveness of the Lord's prayer. To my
"mind it embraces all we can desire; 'Thy king-
"dom come,' that kingdom which is righteousness,
"peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. When this
"pervades every soul, then will the will of God be
"done on earth, as it is done in Heaven."

January 14, 1870. "A poor man was killed
"yesterday, in being wound up, at the Ladies
"Well Colliery,—he had not one moment for
"thought. 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do
"it with thy might.' Oh! my love, be in earnest.
"Life, eternal life is the prize. Let no minute
"slide uselessly away. Use all for God, and the
"good of your fellow creatures."

On the 15th of January, my mother became much worse, the violence of the cough greatly increased, and, apprehending immediate danger, Mr. Sutton telegraphed for me to come at once to see her. I left Sunderland by the next train, and on my arrival at home, found her rather better. I staid three weeks at home, during the whole of which time she was confined to her bedroom, as, though her cough was better, it was thought desirable she should be kept in one temperature, to prevent a relapse. Her cheerfulness still continued, and her confidence in God remained firm and

unshaken. She never murmured or repined, but constantly spoke of the many mercies and comforts she enjoyed, and often said to me, "William, when I think of all my comforts, I "think who am I, that I should have so many "mercies."

Her esteemed friend, the Rev. E. Whieldon, was also unremitting in his attentions, and she often spoke with deep gratitude of his kindness.

In the middle of February, as my mother was now considered out of danger, I went to London, and while there received a letter every day from her.

Though now almost eighty years of age, she took a deep interest in passing events, and was greatly interested in the question of Education, and the debates which took place in the House of Commons on the subject.

The following extract from a letter I received on the 21st of February, 1870, is a proof of her uncommon mental vigour and clearness of thought.

"'Ye are all members one of another.' How "beautifully this is exemplified in that Christian "sympathy which exists among the children of "God. I have been led to this thought by the "many kind letters I receive daily from friends,

"full of good wishes. How different from the "stolid indifference of those who have never "practiced this scripture, 'bear ye one another's "burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' Oh! "that the New Testament was made the common "school book, the A. B. C. of every child in the "kingdom. How many precious precepts of the "divine word would be indellibly written in the "hearts and memories of children. How the "children of Israel were admonished to teach the "law to their children, at all times, under all cir- "cumstances, and in all places; and shall we, with "the glorious gospel in our hands withhold it from "those who may have no opportunity of ever "having it, but in the school of their infancy? "Shall we presume to be wiser than the most high? "To withhold the Bible is the fruit and offspring "of antinomianism."

Mar. 20, 1870. "Your father and I sit recounting "our blessings, till our hearts glow with gratitude "and praise. Make the best use of your precious "Sabbaths whilst you can. I do not complain, "but I long to go to the house of God, 'with them "that keep holy day;' but we have sermons and "lessons in all nature. All things show forth Him "in obeying His will."

The following beautifully shows her happy frame of mind at this period of her life, though at the

time it must be remembered, she was confined to the house and suffering most severely from rheumatism, and scarcely able to move from her chair.

"You always wish to know exactly how we are. "I feel all praise, all meekness, and all love to-day, "on account of the Lord's goodness to us; happy "in the Lord, happy in ourselves, happy in our "circumstances.

> "Our will, conformed to His celestial voice
> "Knows no constraint, for duty is its choice.

"Everything seems turned to praise, and jocund "with thanksgiving; such lovely weather, a cloud- "less sky. I really think, William, this is the most "lovely spot anyone can be blessed with."

At Easter my wife and I came to Woodhead, and staid there three weeks. This visit gave my mother great pleasure. As the weather was now warm, she began to take occasional drives in her carriage, though she suffered so much from rheumatism, that she had great difficulty in getting in and out of it. She was now also entirely prevented from going to chapel, which she deeply regretted. But though so helpless and full of pain, her care for others never ceased, and she was always striving, in some way or other, to promote our comfort and pleasure.

The following are extracts from letters I received from her, after our return to London, the first of which strikingly illustrates her own character, a character singularly free from self-will and selfishness.

"We are surrounded and filled with blessings. "Oh, that our thankfulness was commensurate "with our mercies. Let us endeavour to realize "every Bible promise, even true Christian experi- "ence, to possess the mind of Christ, the love of "God; for what is all the self-will, the self-pleasing, "when compared with that devout submission to "the will of God, which enables the believer to "walk worthily, unto all well pleasing, being "fruitful in every good word and work."

I came down from London to spend the 17th of May with my mother, as, on that day she was eighty years old. She felt deep and humble thankfulness to God for sparing her life to such an advanced age, for, though during the last thirty-eight years, her life had been one of almost constant pain and weakness, she still felt life was a great blessing, and a talent of priceless value. Indeed, she never seemed to grow weary of recounting the mercies of the past, and of praising God for His great goodness in sparing her to such a ripe old age, which, indeed was very wonderful,

considering the long and severe illnesses she had passed through, and the constant, wearing pain she had had to bear for so many years.

Little did I think as I spent her birth-day with her, that it would be the last; and that before five months had passed away, she would have gone to her rest.

After my return to London, I again enjoyed the great privilege of hearing from her every day, and though now more than eighty years old, her hand-writing was as firm and legible, and her letters as beautiful as ever.

The following is an extract from a letter I received from her on my birth-day:

June 21, 1870. "I am very thankful that we "are spared to congratulate you on attaining this "day, and my prayer is, that you may be blessed "with the in-dwelling of the holy spirit, to teach "you all things, and the deep things of God, and "to give you clear views of the great atonement "of Christ Jesus. May He dwell in your heart by "faith, and may you be firmly established in the "truth. What mercies we enjoy here, and the "prospect of immense blessings in reversion. Oh! "let the great object of your life be, to know "Christ, and the power of His resurrection, and

"the fellowship of His spirit, and may you be "conformed to His will in all things."

The next refers to the accidental death of a man at a house near Woodhead.

June 29. "A poor man at Mr. A's. was killed "yesterday, by a fall from a ladder. His eternity "began in a moment. Oh! my dear, let us "endeavour to be found ready for our great change. "Christ in *us* the hope of glory, must be all our "dependence. Get a realising assurance of this "great truth. Live for it, ask for it, then all will "be well. Christianity is a life! a reality! don't "let us rest without the spirit bearing witness "with our spirit, that we are born again."

The next extract is singularly touching and beautiful. It is a brief, but striking description of her state at the time.

June 30, 1870. "I am very lame, helpless and "feeble, but much as usual otherwise. I only "want now to be ready for my great change, to be "found in Christ. Nothing else worth living for. "He is more precious to me than all in earth or "Heaven."

The following I received in July, 1870:

"Take care of the one thing needful, the salva- "tion of your soul. That is immortal. Endeavour

"to please God, by walking as Christ walked. "When I consider the holiness of God, and His "Almighty power, and my own sinfulness, I "tremble and take refuge in Jesus, the one great "atonement for sin. Oh! fly to Jesus without delay. "Press into the kingdom of grace here, that you "may have a title to the kingdom of glory ever-"lastingly."

About this time my mother was called upon to pass through a season of gloom and comparative darkness. Her evidence that she was born again of the Holy Spirit became dim, and for a time she seemed to lose, in some degree, that clear and bright assurance of her safety in Christ, which for sixty years she had so steadily enjoyed. This she deeply mourned, and made it a subject of earnest prayer to God that it might be restored to her.

This is no uncommon case. It often happens in the experience of the children of God, that before they are called away to their eternal rest, Satan is permitted to make a last effort, and tempt them to doubt the truth and mercy of a God of infinite pity and love.

So it was with my mother. For some weeks' darkness was permitted to overshadow her mind, but in the good providence of God, it was at length dispelled, and for more than a month before her

departure, her evidence was bright and clear, and at last her sun set gloriously without a cloud. During the period, however, that it continued, my mother passed much time in self-examination, and earnest prayer for the pardon of her sins, and derived great comfort from the consideration of the following passages, which she had marked in her large Bible: "Return ye backsliding children, "and I will heal your backslidings." "Behold we "come unto Thee, for Thou art the Lord our God." And also that beautiful passage in Isaiah: "Be- "hold the Lord's hand is not shortened that it "cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that it "cannot hear."

On the 16th of July, my mother was much delighted to hear of the birth of her first grandson, an event which gave her the greatest gratification and joy, and respecting which she wrote to me immediately after she had received my telegram announcing the happy event:

"Tears of joy and thanksgiving flowed freely, "when your telegram arrived. We have dedicated "the dear infant to the Lord, and entreated Him "to endue you with His Holy Spirit, that you may "train him up according to His word."

The delight my mother took in observing the beauties of nature, and the various forms of created

life with which the country abounds, is shown by the following:

Aug. 2, 1870. "Our lawn is like an Aviary, the "birds are so abundant. You may any time count "sixty, and in an evening at seven o'clock the "rooks hold their parliament. Your father says "he never saw such numbers. Our geraniums "are wonderful for size and brilliancy of colour. "What Eden was, I cannot imagine: we certainly "have an earthly Eden. Such beauty I never "beheld."

Still though an ardent admirer of the beauties of creation, she never for a moment forgot the far more glorious prospect which awaits the Christian when this life is ended, and this is briefly but beautifully shown by the next extract, dated Aug. 2, 1870:

"What is all this world in comparison of the "hope of glory,—a sure and certain hope of glory?"

On the 6th of August, I returned home from Sunderland, to spend a fortnight with her, and while at Woodhead, she often spoke to me about her little grandson, affectionately urging on me the importance of training him for God. As the weather was now very mild, she had a drive in the carriage, for an hour or two, almost every day,

and in the afternoon was usually wheeled out in a bath chair, on to the lawn, where she would sit for an hour or so, enjoying the freshness and mildness of the air.

After being at home for a fortnight, I left again for Sunderland, and while there, heard regularly from my mother, who though now extremely feeble, and more than eighty years of age, still kept up her practice of writing to me daily. From these letters I shall only quote one paragraph. It is the last I shall insert in this volume, and is taken from one of the last letters, I had the privilege of receiving from my dearest mother. It is also a passage of uncommon beauty, and shows a vigour of thought, and power of expression extremely rare at such an advanced age.

"All nature is so improved by yesterday's rain. "The grass so green. Father and I were taking "our sleep. My first thoughts on awaking were, "God has been working for us, whilst we slept. "Oh! that He would bless us with showers of "His Holy Spirit's influence, to change this chaos "of our souls into the beautiful order of light, "life, fruitfulness, and love. He can, and He will "do for all who seek Him, and then what a new "creation opens in the soul, even righteousness, "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

I returned from Sunderland, about the end of August, and spent three weeks at home. During this time it was indeed a high privilege to be in my mother's company. The doubt and gloom, to which I have already alluded, had disappeared, and she often spoke with holy joy of the "sure and certain hope" she had of soon being for ever with Christ. Often she would observe to me, "William, what would all this world be to me "now, if I had not the hope of glory?"

Still mindful of the good of others, she frequently and earnestly urged me to seek salvation, and to be on the Lord's side, and affectionately entreated me to bring up her little grandson in the fear of the Lord, and as an heir of immortality. Her whole "conversation" seemed to be "in Heaven," and though still careful, as far as she could, to perform the daily duties of life, it was every day, more and more evident, that earth had lost all hold on her affections, and that her thoughts were fixed on the glory to come. Several times she said to me, "You see, William, my time here is getting very "short now, and I wish to think and know as "much as I can about the place I am going to."

She now hardly ever read anything except the word of God, which was almost constantly in her hands, and when tired with reading herself, she

took the greatest pleasure in hearing me read chapter after chapter of the New Testament to her.

Another observation which she once made, on a former occasion, also struck me exceedingly, as containing in a few beautiful and striking words, the view she had of her prospect beyond the grave. "William," she said to me, "I know I shall go to "Jesus, I have the solid certainty of being for ever "with Christ."

To her old friend, the Rev. E. Whieldon, she also observed one day, "I sometimes think what "a wonderful thing it will be, to be with God:" and on another occasion, after receiving from him the Holy Communion, a privilege she highly valued, she observed, "It seems to bring me so "near to Jesus. It enables me to realise His "presence so much. It is simple faith which "makes it a blessing to us; if that be wanting, "the ordinance is nothing."

During the last few weeks of her life, her weakness was so great, and her rheumatism so completely crippled her, that she was unable to walk upstairs, and had always to be carried up by two men servants.

Frequently also, her nights were much disturbed. Indeed, for months before her death, she rarely

got a really good night's rest. This, together with almost constant pain, completely exhausted her. Still her cheerfulness and mental vigour were so great, that we had no idea her end was so near, and though extremely anxious about her, I had little doubt her life would be spared some months.

On the 20th of September I went to Sunderland, and on the 23rd, accompanied by my wife and her baby, returned to Staffordshire, going to our new house, which was within a few hundred yards of Woodhead.

The next day was Saturday, and, as it was fine, my mother drove up to see us, and was lifted out of the carriage, and carried into the dining room. Her little grandson was brought and placed on her knee, and she nursed him for some minutes with great delight. This was the first time she had seen him, and she expressed her deep gratitude to God for having spared her life to see him. After staying about half an hour, she and my father drove back to Woodhead.

On Sunday morning, my mother told me her right hand seemed occasionally to lose its power, and that she had dropped her cup, while taking tea the previous evening. Mr. Sutton told us at noon she was in a precarious state, but we still

hoped there was no immediate danger. Several times in the afternoon and evening, I came down to see her, and happening to come in while she and my father were having tea, I saw, just as she was lifting her cup to her lips, her hand trembled, and the cup fell from it. Still she seemed, in other respects, about the same, and soon after took her tea with apparent relish.

Next morning she drove up to our house to fetch my wife and her baby down to Woodhead, to spend the day. At dinner her appetite was very small, but still she was as cheerful as ever, doing her utmost to make everyone happy around her, and she nursed our baby several times, with much pleasure.

The following day, my father and she again had a drive in the carriage, and she called at a shop in Cheadle, to purchase a Bible and Prayer Book for a young man, who was leaving our service. This was the last purchase she ever made.

On Wednesday morning she seemed much better. My father and she had a drive for a couple of hours, and I met them twice, while they were out, and thought I had not seen her looking so well and so cheerful, for months. Indeed, I observed to my wife, that my mother might, with care, live for some years. Little did I think, that

drive would be her last, and that she would never leave the house again, till she left it for the grave. I saw her again several times at Woodhead, during the afternoon and evening, and noticed that she seemed very drowsy and over-come with sleep. She retired to rest about eight o'clock, but was much disturbed in the night, and scarcely got any sleep at all. On Thursday morning, she told me she had scarcely had a moment's sleep. In a short time, she was carried to the drawing-room, and when we got there, she was placed in a chair, and seemed extremely feeble.

After sitting a few minutes, she asked me to give her a book off the table, "The Book of Praise," edited by Sir Roundell Palmer, and when she had looked at it, she said, "William, you'll send this to "Maria W., with my love, after I'm gone." I promised to do so, and took the book and locked it up, little expecting I should so soon have to fulfil her request. I may here mention, that soon after my mother's death, as I was looking at the book, just before sending it away, I found the following passage, evidently, recently marked by her. It is a passage of great beauty, and singularly suggestive of her own thoughts at the time.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest,
"Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
"Thy head upon my breast."

Soon after this my mother was carried down stairs. About four o'clock, I came to see her again, and found her sitting in her arm chair in the dining-room fast asleep. She looked somewhat flushed, and on waking, almost immediately, after I entered the room, I perceived her articulation somewhat indistinct, when she spoke to me. I sat nearly an hour with her, and the indistinctness of utterance very soon went off, and she told me she had had an hour's sleep, and felt somewhat refreshed. We had a great deal of conversation, especially in reference to her little grandson, whom she repeatedly and solemnly urged me to train up for God.

On Friday morning, I came down a little after nine o'clock to see her, and found her maid dressing her. She seemed extremely feeble, and thoroughly exhausted, and told me she had scarcely had any sleep at all during the night. After she was dressed, she was carried into the drawing-room, and after sitting there a few minutes, was carried down stairs to the dining-room. Her breathing was very bad, and when asked if she would like a drive, as the day was very fine, she replied, "No, I am too "poorly." She then had half a glass of wine, but in lifting it to her lips, her hand again lost its power, and she dropped it. I then gave her some more, and she rallied very much, and was quite

cheerful. I left her about half-past eleven, and came back about one, and found her sitting up in her arm chair as usual, talking to my father and her sister, who was staying with her at the time. She looked much better, and was just going to have her dinner. This was the last time I ever saw her down stairs.

My mother dined at half-past one as usual, with my father and aunt, but eat very little. Immediately after dinner, she said she was very tired, and wished to go to bed to try to get some sleep. She was at once carried upstairs to her room, and went to bed, my aunt remaining in the room with her. For about an hour she slept very quietly, but after that became restless in her sleep, and was evidently very ill. About four o'clock I came down, and went to her room, and found her awake, but I saw at once that the hand of death was upon her, and that all would soon be over.

We sent for Mr. Sutton, who soon arrived, and at once pronounced her case hopeless. From this time till her death, which took place early on the following Sunday morning, she lay at times sleeping heavily, and at other times partially or perfectly conscious. She had no pain, and knew all in the room perfectly well, and was able to converse with us. One of the first things she said

to me, after I came to her room, was to tell me the Bible and Prayer Book she had purchased the Tuesday before were ready for the young man who was leaving our service the next day, and that I was to be sure to give them to him.

Still mindful to the last to do all the good she could.

She then asked for her keys, and told me where to find her Will, and gave it to me.

During the earlier part of Friday night she slept a good deal, but was very restless at times in her sleep. It was evident she was dying. Her breathing was short, her pulse very feeble, and her hands cold. Early on Saturday morning, I said to her, "You know Jesus, mother," and she replied, "Yes "as my Saviour," adding, after a pause, with emphasis, "my all in all. The light, and life, and "love."

Soon after this she said with great animation, "Wonder and worship," an expression she had often been in the habit of using, when speaking of the feelings with which a happy spirit would contemplate the wonders of Heaven, and the Majesty of the Almighty, at its first entrance into glory.

After lying quiet a short time longer, my mother said to me, in answer to a question I put to her, "I shall be the Lord's, I shall be the Lord's "servant."

Soon after this, she ordered dinner for the day, just as she was accustomed to do, and also gave orders what was to be got ready for the following Monday, thus showing the perfect clearness of her mind, and her anxiety to discharge every duty to the very last.

Every few minutes we gave her either a little strong beef tea, or a little soaked biscuit, for she now began to have great difficulty in swallowing anything except liquids.

Still her strength was surprising, as she sat up in bed, and washed her hands, and combed her hair, almost without assistance.

I sat constantly by her bedside holding her hand, which was now extremely cold, and a little after eight, I said to her, "Is Jesus with you, "mother?" and she at once replied in a perfectly clear and distinct voice, "Yes my dear, in spirit, "and in peace, and in love." And in a few minutes afterwards added, "my God, my Father, and my "Friend."

The great affection she had always felt for me, and which she had manifested for so many years, in all the love and devotion a fond mother could lavish on her son, was still as strong as ever, and every now and then she kissed me with the utmost tenderness.

Mr. Sutton saw her again early in the morning, and told us she could not live many hours. I told her she was dying, but death had no terrors for her. She received the tidings with perfect calmness. She had no fear and not the shadow of a doubt.

She had lived too long in daily preparation for the approach of the last great enemy, to be taken by surprise at his coming. Death was at hand, but he came not as the king of terrors, but as an angel of mercy, sent to tell her to put off the worn, and weary and suffering body, and to put on immortality.

A little after ten o'clock, she again told me to be sure and send the "Book of Praise" to Maria W.

Soon after this, her little grandson was brought and held up at the bottom of the bed for her to see, and she smiled and nodded at him, and after looking at him for some little time with great delight, she said, "That lad! God bless him."

About half-past eleven, she repeated that beautiful line, "There is a land of pure delight," and after a short pause added, "Where saints immortal reign." The nurse, Mrs. White, then asked her, "do you feel certain of going to Jesus?" and without a moment's hesitation she replied, "Oh, "dear yes."

About one o'clock, her little grandson was again brought to the side of the bed for her to see. She smiled at him, and spoke to him, and waved her handkerchief to amuse him, and then took hold of his little hand, and gently pressed it with the utmost fondness.

In a short time she began to doze, and after lying quietly for some minutes, her sleep became very heavy, and her breathing laborious. One side of her face also appeared slightly swollen, and the veins of her head much congested.

Soon after she fell asleep, an eminent physician, Dr. Wilkinson, of Manchester, whom we had telegraphed for arrived, and on going to see her, with Mr. Sutton, who had been unremitting in his attentions since the seizure came on, at once pronounced her case hopeless, and said that death was near at hand. This indeed was only too apparent. Her hands were quite cold, her pulse weak and like a thread, and her breathing short and difficult.

About half-past four in the afternoon she again awoke, and, after lying for some minutes in a state of partial consciousness, she became quite collected and perfectly sensible. After taking a little beef tea, and weak brandy and water, she was able to converse with us. My father, who was standing by her bedside, said to her, "Well, my dear, Christ "is precious," and in a feeble but clear voice she replied; "He is, very precious:" and, looking to her sister, Miss Shepherd, who was sitting weeping by her bedside, she said, "The Lord gave, and the "Lord hath taken away." My father then said, "Bless you, my dear, the Lord bless you," to which she immediately answered, "He has blessed "me, He has made me His witness."

Soon after this, she said, "Where are my three "boys?" a playful term she had been accustomed to use in speaking of my father, myself, and her little grandson. The little baby was immediately brought, and when she saw him, she raised her arms, and turned the bedclothes partially down, that he might lie by her side, and when he was laid there for a short time, and his little hand put in her's, she smiled at him, and fondled him with the utmost delight, whilst the little infant, too young to know what was passing around him, was perfectly quiet and good. It was a strange and touching sight; the meeting of the two extremes,

the beginning and the end, infancy and old age, life and death. The young immortal, with life before him, in all the freshness and innocence of unconscious childhood, with the joys and sorrows, the pleasures and pains, the business and duties of human existence, as yet untried in the dim and distant future; and the aged saint just at the end of life's long journey, her work done, her sorrows past, her pilgrimage ended, her sun just setting, her spirit about to appear in the presence of God. After a short time the baby was again taken away, and as he was going she looked at him with the greatest affection; it was the farewell look of love on this side the grave.

A little before six o'clock in the evening, a surprising rally took place, which lasted for about two hours and a half. She asked if she might have a little minced mutton, and sat up in bed without assistance, and eat it with apparent relish, and also drank some beef tea. Her mind was perfectly clear and vigorous, and her voice and articulation distinct. About six o'clock, I said to her, "It would be a very lonely road you are travel-
"ling on, mother, if Jesus was not with you," and she at once replied with cheerful animation, "Ah,
"but it is not lonely to me." About half-past seven, she sat up in bed, and put her spectacles on without assistance, and then asked for her New

Testament. I gave it to her, and she opened it, and tried to read, but her eyes were already growing dim, and she could not see. She made no remark, but took off her spectacles and lay down again. About eight p.m. she said, "My Jesus to "know." I then added the rest of the verse,

"And feel His blood flow
"Is life everlasting,
"Is Heaven below."

And when I repeated the last line, my mother, as if correcting me, said, "Is Heaven above, is "Heaven above," showing that she felt she had already almost done with things "below," and was just entering on the glory "above." About a quarter past eight, I saw a change coming over her. It was evident that another attack of drowsiness was coming on, and, knowing from the state of her pulse, and her general appearance, that she would never awake again on earth, and being wishful to have a last testimony from her lips that all was right, just before she went down into "the dark valley of the shadow of death," I said to her, "My mother, it is an eternal weight of glory, which is just before you," and in a clear and joyful voice she at once replied, "It is love, for ever and ever in Heaven." Soon after this, in reply to another remark which was made, she calmly said, "The will of the Lord be done."

These were the last words she uttered, while she still remained in possession of her senses. Her mind then began somewhat to wander, she became restless, and in a few minutes seemed inclined to doze. Soon after falling asleep, she began to breathe heavily. Death was evidently at hand. The spirit was about to leave the worn, and wasted, and weary body, and freed from its mortal bonds, to enter into rest. About three o'clock on Sunday morning, her breathing became so weak as scarcely to be perceptible. Soon after it seemed to cease altogether. Then came one faint breath, and, after a pause, another still more faint, accompanied by a slight fluttering of the lips, and all was over. Without a struggle, and without a groan, her spirit had gone to God who gave it. Thus died in the eighty-first year of her age, in the full triumph of faith, and in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection, MARIA ALLEN.

Her eyes were not dim, her ears were not heavy, her mind was clear and vigorous to the last. Many good and excellent men and women have I met with in passing through life: but one so holy, so humble, and so thoroughly devoted to God, I have never met, and never expect to meet on this side the grave. Her equal for meekness, gentleness, unselfishness, patience, self-sacrifice, and piety, I have never seen, and never expect to see in this

world. Of her it might truly be said, as it was of the Patriarch of old, "she walked with God, "and she was not, for God took her." Yet she was a poor, weak, frail, erring mortal; subject to mortal weaknesses and mortal frailties; but by the grace of God she was enabled to resist temptation and sin, to live a holy, consistent, blameless life, "to "fight the good fight of faith," and, through much tribulation, suffering, and pain, to remain "faithful unto death." Her life was long. It exceeded, by ten years, the term the Psalmist has assigned to man; yet how short her life here, compared with the unending existence on which she has entered; an existence to which the present is less than a little drop to the mighty ocean, less than a single leaf to the countless leaves of the pathless forest. The mind fails to grasp the mighty change. "In "a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," the weary, worn, and wasted body; weary with the toil of fourscore years; worn by sickness and disease; wasted by long years of pain and suffering, at rest till the last trumpet's sound. The soul freed from the chains of mortality, sinless, deathless, redeemed, immortal, gone to its God. Gone, where there shall be no more "sorrow," and no "more pain;" where "the wicked cease from "troubling," and where "the weary are at rest." Gone, to that "far more exceeding and eternal "weight of glory," of which the inspired Apostle,

enraptured by the vision, declared, "I reckon that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy "to be compared with the glory which shall be "revealed in us." Gone, to join the "great cloud "of witnesses" who have gone before; the glorious company of the Apostles; the goodly fellowship of the Prophets; the noble army of martyrs; the spirits of just men made perfect; the innumerable company of the redeemed before the throne. Gone, to join "the great multitude" of those "arrayed "in white robes," of whom the Elder answered, "These are they which came out of great tribula- "tion, and have washed their robes, and made them "white in the blood of the Lamb." And above all, gone to be with Christ, gone to "be for ever "with the Lord," gone to dwell with that once despised and crucified, but now risen and glorious Redeemer, whom she served and followed on earth, in whose footprints she loved to tread, and in whom she died trusting for everlasting life.

In the view of the glorious future which awaits the soul, well might the Apostle of old, declare, "to die is gain," and own, he had "a desire to "depart and be with Christ, which is far better." Where will that future be? Where is that pure and holy place, where the Saviour shall reign for ever with His saints? Where stands that eternal city the ancient patriarch looked for, "which hath

"foundations, whose builder and maker is God?" We know not yet. We see through a glass, darkly. Our eyes are closed to the fulness of the vision. It may be, this earth renewed by God's own hand, purified by the flames of the last great day, and enriched with new creations of beauty, fairer than those of ancient Eden, may be the destined home of man in his immortality. Or it may be, some still brighter world, compared with which the glory of this earth is dim, as it travels on its trackless way, where human sight has never pierced, has been chosen by the Almighty as the resting place of the redeemed. Or it may be, the Heaven of the Christian will be the universe itself. He may not be confined to one world, one star; but as ages pass away, and the mighty wheels of eternity roll on their ceaseless rounds, the deathless spirit reunited to the glorified body, may be permitted to traverse the infinity of space, visiting in turn each one of those glorious worlds which shine where the light of our earth has never reached, in each beholding new works, new wonders of the great Creator, in each seeing as in a mirror more and more of Him, the great Supreme. Thus the soul, ever gazing, yet unwearied, ever journeying on, yet still untired, ever beholding new manifestations of infinite wisdom, ever feeding on the trees of knowledge and of life, will see God. This is, however, mere speculation. We know

not now, but we shall know hereafter. Sufficient for us to know that Heaven is a place of holiness and love, where sin and sorrow can never come; where the risen Redeemer shall dwell with His people, in the contemplation of whose exceeding glory, the believer may say, "I shall be satisfied "when I awake with Thy likeness."

My mother was buried in Cheadle Church-yard on the 11th of October. Every possible mark of respect was shown to her memory. In the streets through which the melancholy procession moved, the blinds of every house were drawn down, all the shops were closed, and most remarkable of all, even the Public houses and Hotels were shut up. A great number of people, especially of the poor, stood in the church-yard, to see her remains committed to the grave, and when the officiating Clergyman uttered those sublime words of the burial service, "We therefore commit her body to "the ground: earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust "to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resur-"rection to eternal life," everyone felt that in her case there was no doubt of their truth.

A sermon was preached in Cheadle Church, in which special reference was made to her, on the following Sunday evening, by the Rev. E. Whieldon, and was listened to by a large and attentive congregation. Another sermon was also preached in

the Wesleyan Chapel, Cheadle, on the 11th of November, by her old friend the Rev. John Bedford, who had known her for thirty-five years. The Chapel was crowded on the occasion, many not being able to get in.

After her death, many letters of sympathy were received from friends, who had known and highly valued her for many years. From these I make a few extracts, just to show the estimation in which she was held by those who had known her well, but who were not in any way connected by the ties of relationship. The following is an extract from a letter written by a lady in Yorkshire:

"Never did I know, and never do I expect to "know another, so nearly approaching the Savi- "our's character, in gentleness, patience, and self- "sacrifice for others. Her's was truly, the meek "and quiet spirit."

The next is from a letter written by a Clergyman, who had known her intimately, and had been frequently in the habit of visiting Woodhead during the last fifteen years of her life.

"If ever one breathed the atmosphere of Heaven "on earth, she did."

Her old friend, Dr. Dixon, one of the most eminent Ministers in the Wesleyan connexion,

who had been well acquainted with her for nearly forty years, wrote as follows:

"It would be impertinent in me to express any "opinion on Mrs. Allen's character, further than "to say, I consider her the most perfect Christian "lady I ever knew. A true and simple believer "in the Lord Jesus, and in the verities of the holy "gospel, she always seemed to me to possess, what "all eminently spiritual Christians possess, an "earnest enthusiasm respecting the spiritual and "Heavenly world, where she seemed to delight to "expatiate, and caught very much of its holiness "and love."

These extracts contain the calm, deliberate, just opinion of those who knew her well, and who, from long and intimate acquaintance, had had every opportunity of knowing what she really was. It was indeed impossible to be in her company, even for a single hour, without perceiving her singular humility and meekness, and without feeling conscious of being in the presence of a person of exceeding holiness. Her influence for good, in the neighbourhood in which she lived, was great, as both to rich and poor she recommended the religion she professed, by the example of her blameless, self-sacrificing, holy life. It will be long before that example is forgotten by those

who had the privilege of knowing her; and of her it may truly be said, as it was of one of old time, "She being dead yet speaketh." Dead, yet not forgotten; dead, yet still speaking; speaking to those who remain, by the memory of her life, telling them so to follow Christ on earth, and then they will live and reign with Him for ever. The same bright and shining path in which she trod may be trod by all, the same pardon she obtained is offered to all, the same Saviour in whom she trusted died for all, the same Heaven where she is gone may be reached by all. What says the scripture? "Whosoever will, let him take the "water of life freely."

D. Dilworth, Steam Printer, Newcastle-under-Lyme.